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ART. I.—THE BEST GOVERNMENT.

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POLITICAL science in time past has shared the fate of Metaphysic, as described by Kant,—that of being “the arena of endless contests.” Neither of these sciences, coupled as they often have been in the love and pursuit of the foremost thinkers of the world,—Plato and Aristotle among the ancients, Bacon, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Hegel, among the moderns,—has yielded the remunerating fruit which the learned reap from other studies. Of metaphysical insight, if the world has gained aught since the dawn of European civilization, the gain is due to the practical idealism of the Christian religion, and not to the schools. The schools are still in the dark as to first principles in this province. What is spirit? What is matter? What is an idea? Is substance single or dual? How does the mind communicate with the outer world?—these are points of which philosophy before the Olympiads knew as much as Hegel or Sir William Hamilton.

Of political wisdom (exclusive of jurisprudence), from Solon to the present Congress of the United States,—an interval of twenty-four centuries,—the growth has been inconsiderable. The first and fundamental problems of social science and civil government are still matters of debate, and very contrary opinions are propounded concerning them. The origin and right of government, the theory of the state, the

limits of legislation as applied to social well-being, the question whether private property or community of goods be the true and divine order of society, the question of free or restricted trade, of universal or restricted suffrage, of the right and expediency of chattel slavery,—these are topics which have been discussed in our day with equal confidence on both sides, if not with equal constituencies. Experimental “phalansteries” on the basis of a modified Fourierism are still fresh in our recollection. And now, the question of the possibility of federal democracy on a continental scale is the imminent question of the day, of the hour;—a question whose vast moment shakes the world, and whose solution millions of anxious hearts are waiting with an agony of expectation such as never before hung on the verdict of war.

From these uncertain and conflicting views, from these empiric gropings, it appears that political science is yet fumbling among the *antilegomena*, and has its canon still to settle.

The work with whose title we have headed our remarks is the most important aid to this settlement which our time has furnished, and perhaps the most important contribution to political science since the immortal “Spirit of Laws.” The distinguishing merit of Mr. Mill’s treatise—the same which characterizes all his writings—is the union of bold speculation with practical knowledge and practical judgment. While propounding views considerably in advance, in the democratic line, of existing politics, he deals wisely with the practical conditions of society, and makes broad the distinction between the government which is best in itself, provided a people is ripe for its use, and governments which are best for given nations. Jacobi declared all governments to be, in some sense, “a compact with the Devil.” Accepting this statement of the indispensable concession to human ignorance and vice, we should say that Mr. Mill had made the best terms with the adversary which the case allows. Political theorists have usually erred in building their systems with ideal subjects and ideal conditions, instead of existing materials. Even so cautious a philosopher as Locke was at fault when he came to construct a civil polity for actual use. It has not been sufficiently considered that, as each clime is furnished with a flora

of its own, so governments have a necessary relation to the peoples governed, and are not always transferable. Those which are theoretically best may prove practically the worst when applied to unsuitable conditions. A republic, as such, is better than a monarchy, but republican forms would not suit the social and moral condition of Turkey or Siam. The paper constitution of the Abbé Sièyes was well devised, but would "not march" when applied to revolutionary France. On the other hand, a government whose principles are discordant, and whose theory is absurd, like that of Great Britain, may be best adapted to the present condition of its subjects. Solon was asked whether he had given the Athenians the best form of government? "Not the best," he replied, "but the best for them." And a Hebrew prophet represents Jehovah as saying to his people, "I have given them statutes that were not good."*

At the breaking out of the civil conflict which now agitates this land, it was reckoned a special aggravation of the crime of the rebels, that the government from which they revolted was, as the public prints expressed it, "the best government the world has ever seen." That judgment, though founded, we suspect, in laudable patriotism rather than competent insight, we shall not dispute, but offer on this text some reflections touching the general question involved in it.

What constitutes a good government? To answer this question, we must know the true ends and functions of government. These we hold to be,—1. Protection; 2. Promotion of co-operation for social ends. First and mainly, protection,—not of property only, as some have defined it, but of all the natural rights of man. We are not speaking of ideal polities, of Platonic or Baconian Atlantides, but of actual or possible, historically conditioned states. The ideal polity aims at something more than protection: it would exercise moral and spiritual functions; it would legislate for the soul; it would make the education of its subjects its first and chief object. But such a polity is not a thing to be realized by human device; not at least with existing materials. If realized

* Ezekiel xx. 25.

at all on earth, it must descend, like the New Jerusalem, out of the heavens. The ideal polity requires perfect men for its administration, but actual polities have to do with very imperfect ones. The ideal polity would be a true theocracy. Hitherto we have only sham theocracies, — the form without the reality; and these are precisely the worst governments that could be devised. Such a government is the Roman state, which, ever since the time of Pepin, has been the plague of civil Christendom, and which now lingers a ghastly, insoluble crudity in the glowing mass of fused and united Italy.

Government must not assume theocratic functions, and the church must not legislate in civil affairs. Each has its proper sphere and aim. The business of the one is to make the best possible characters; the business of the other is of given characters to make the best possible commonwealth.

As nations now are, or can be, the function of the state is primarily not education, but protection, — education only as a means of protection, and in order to that end. Reduced to its lowest terms, the business of civil government is simply this: a number of individuals being given, — twenty or twenty million, — first to keep them as far as possible from hurting one another and from being hurt by other similar communities; and next, to facilitate their co-operation in works of public utility. This is the problem at which human wisdom has been tugging ever since Cain went forth from the presence of the Lord and founded a city in the land of Nod; and how much earlier, among the pre-Adamite tribes whose existence science begins to surmise, it is impossible to say. We assume that human nature, freely developed, will take care of itself, with no more legislation or civil aid than is necessary to secure that freedom. When we say freely developed, we speak with reference to the thralldom imposed by its own ignorance and passions, as well as the oppressions exercised by others.

We may say, then, — and this we believe will be found to be the most precise and comprehensive statement of the matter, — that the prime end of civil government is liberty. The promotion, extension, and preservation of individual liberty, — this is the supreme duty of the state, of civil government, and all its other functions must be conceived as subordinate to this.

This is not the view which is commonly entertained of the nature of government. The prevailing opinion supposes that government and freedom are antagonistic, and mutually exclude, or greatly limit, the one the other. Liberty is supposed to be a wild fruit, rather than a cultivated growth; an attribute of savage life, impaired, if not forfeited, by civilization. It has been affirmed, and commonly received as an axiom of political science, that man surrenders a portion of his *natural* liberty on becoming a member of civil society. This, it is maintained, is a necessary sacrifice, which he makes to civility in return for the many advantages which come to him from that source. On the contrary, liberty is precisely one of those advantages which civilization confers, and which constitute its superiority over savage life. The error confounds accident with quality,—the loose conditions of an immature society with personal emancipation. The savage has the range of the forest and the right of the chase; his hunts and haunts are traversed by no game-laws, and bounded by no title-deeds. He is tied to no man's plough or mill, not even to his own; he pays no poll-tax or water-rates, is not liable to be drafted for jury service, rises up and lies down when he pleases, and enjoys the luxury of idleness without the opprobrium which attaches to the civilized loafer. This is the sum of savage liberty, and this the wild man has in common with the wild beast. His boasted freedom, which Rousseau thought so admirable, is an animal privilege, which he shares with other animals. And this animal privilege, if we diligently scan his condition, is fearfully overbalanced by limitations and restraints, which impose on the savage a bondage unknown to civilized life. He is tethered by occasion, hemmed in by physical necessity, shut up in a prison of thick, impenetrable ignorance, a stranger to all that emancipates the soul from gross material bonds. Tied to mother earth by the navel-string of creaturely dependence, he is Nature's bondsman, untaught by civilizing science to arm himself with natural laws against natural forces. Nature is his tyrant; she crushes him with the mystery of her unexplained processes; she smites him with wind and lightning, scares him with disastrous eclipse, overwhelms him with panic terrors. Uncon-

scious of his rank in the scale of being, he deems the fierce tiger and dangerous serpent his superiors, and pays them religious homage. The blasted tree or shapeless stone that seemed to scowl upon him on the day when he missed his game or was baffled in his trail assumes the significance of a personal power, and is made the fetich of his grovelling worship. If he escapes the constraint of law, he also misses its protection. He has no defence against the stronger chief or tribe. Freedom from the trammels of convention is dearly purchased with the bondage of perpetual alarm from the open violence or secret wiles of his enemies.

And if from savage man we turn to savage woman, we witness a servitude and degradation exceeding the villenage of feudal ages. No African bondswoman is more the thrall of the master who buys her on the block, than the squaw is of the Indian brave who in marrying seeks not a partner but a drudge.

Liberty is not a property of savage life, as we shall see the moment we attempt to define to ourselves what we mean by liberty. We shall see that it is not an accident, but a stage of development. Hegel defines it, "the spirit's realization of its own nature." Accepting this definition, it is obvious that the spirit does not realize its own nature — does not attain complete development — in the savage state. Development requires direction, direction requires law, and law requires legislation, — rule and rulers. Precisely as the fruit-bearing plant requires the rule of the horticulturist to bring out its capabilities, human nature requires the rule of the state in order to realize the uttermost that is in it. What horticulture does for the plant is to give it greater liberty. This it does by protecting the fruit-type against hostile encroachment, — encroachment of rival plants, encroachment of its own wood and fibre on the pomal virtues. And this is what civilization, what government, does for man; it secures the higher human type against the encroachments of animal nature.

So far from the truth is the vulgar notion of savage liberty, so far from freedom is the savage state, that servitude itself is in some respects nearer to it. "The slave," says Mr. Mill, "is one step in advance of the savage; he has not the first

lesson of political society still to acquire. He has learned to obey." The first step toward civil emancipation is the habit of obedience. Law and Liberty, are complements one of the other,—different poles of one power. Tacitus says of the Emperor Nerva, that he blended two things which had formerly been disjoined,—government and liberty.* The historian may not have seen the connection, but government and liberty were always one; if the latter failed, it was because the former was defective. There may be laws which preclude liberty; and license, which is sometimes confounded with liberty, precludes law. But either, when genuine, includes and necessitates the other. The perfection of one is the perfection of both.

Accordingly, one important test of a good government is liberty;—a test embodying two distinct elements,—1. The amount of liberty enjoyed; 2. The security given to that liberty by law. Of these, the latter is obviously the more important; restricted liberty is bad, but the loss of liberty once enjoyed is worse. The mind accustoms itself to anything stated, so it be not absolutely crushing; but to live in uncertainty, to be subject in this matter to chance or caprice, to have no remedy in law when personal liberty is assailed, is the greatest of civil evils.

In both particulars of this prime test two governments stand prominent before the world, and take precedence of all others,—our own and that of Great Britain, in both of which the inestimable privilege of the *habeas corpus* secures to the citizen an immunity unknown in other lands. The amount of liberty enjoyed in both countries is substantially the same; but when we apply the test of security, candor compels us to award the palm to Great Britain, whose superiority in this particular is owing to no theoretical advantage, but solely to the greater strength of her government, less subject than ours to popular caprice. For the same reason that *some* government, as we have seen, is essential to any liberty, the stronger the government, other things being equal, the safer the liberty intrusted to its keeping. We are not disposed to as-

* "Divus Nerva res olim dissociabiles miscuit, imperium et libertatem."

cribe to England any merit or advantage which does not fairly belong to her; but, despicable as seems to us the foreign policy of that country, and much as we abhor the national character as represented in the tone of the English press, we feel bound to confess that in the matter of personal liberty — its solidity and inviolability — the British nation surpasses all that have ever existed in the world. The affair of the Trent, so trying to our national temper, displays the jealousy with which England guards the person, not only of her subjects, but of all who seek her protection. The very shadow of her ægis is charged with the virtue of the *habeas corpus*. Theoretically monarchical and thoroughly aristocratic as she is, in no country in the world is the law so sensitive in regard to the rights of the people, so careful to protect them against the encroachments of the privileged orders, and abuses of power by men in power. There was shown us in the town of Windsor, adjoining the royal park, and occupied, as appertaining thereto, by the royal family, a piece of land which the town of Windsor claimed as part of its territory, and taxed accordingly. Prince Albert refusing payment, on the ground that the piece in question was part of the crown lands, was “summonsed,” as our informant expressed it, precisely as any other delinquent would have been in like circumstances. Had an individual instead of a corporation been the claimant, the result would have been the same. There was no disloyalty here; it was only extreme sensitiveness to legal rights defining itself against royal prerogative. It was the instinct of liberty. There is something peculiarly English in this jealousy of personal rights; it seems to belong to the Saxon blood. Montesquieu, to whom the contrast between England and France in this particular was not pleasing, wittily ascribes it to the wretched climate. “In a nation so distempered by the climate as to have no relish for anything, not even for life, it is plain that the government best suited to the inhabitants is that in which they cannot lay their uneasiness to the charge of any one person, and in which, being under the direction of laws rather than of sovereigns, they cannot change the government without subverting the laws themselves.” And again: “Slavery is always preceded by

sleep ; but a people who find no rest in any situation, who explore everything, and find nothing but pain, cannot be made to sleep." *

Montesquieu might well speculate on the cause of this phenomenon, and wonder that France, so superior to England in most points, should be so far behind her in this. It is curious to contrast the history and idea of liberty in the two countries, so near in space, so removed in all the habitudes of life. Liberty in England has the stamp of legitimacy ; the sense of it is identical with the sense of law. Liberty in France has a guilty, revolutionary look ; the sense of it is the sense of escape and defiance. In the one country it has been thoroughly pondered and comprehended before it begins to be ; in the other it is always a surprise, coming like an army with banners, and vanishing like the Northern Lights. Here it is sober as the face of a Puritan ; there it is wanton as a *danseuse*, and frisky as new wine. The amount of liberty enjoyed by France to-day is no sure indication of the liberty which may be her portion to-morrow. It may be more, it is quite as likely to be less, for it has no basis in the nature of the people. In England, the liberty already enjoyed is always a stepping-stone to further emancipation. Where the Englishman plants himself, there he stands, based on irrefragable law. He will not move in a hurry ; but when he does move, it will be forward, and not back. The history of French liberty is a history of tides, at one time flooding the capital with unwonted license, and endangering life with its petulant excesses ; at another, receding far out of sight, and leaving the hopes and institutions of the people bound in shallows or wrecked on the sands. The history of English liberty is the history of patient rock-formations, where it takes centuries to discover any progress, but where the progress is sure as the laws of nature and unrepenting as the course of time.

We must not, in treating of this subject, confound liberty with equality. The two things, so often associated in popular harangues, have really no essential connection. The civil politics which favor the one do not necessarily include the

* Spirit of Laws, Book XIV. chap. 13.

other. Liberty may exist under any form of government which is constitutional, — that is, where the law controls the sovereign, whether the sovereign be prince or people. Equality is peculiar to democratic governments. Now, as in the case of England, the freest country may be the most aristocratic, so, on the other hand, the most democratic may be most deficient in safeguards of personal liberty. Whether it is so or not, in any given case, will depend on the nature of the constitution and the wisdom and strength of the government.

To suppose that democracy is a sure guaranty of civil liberty, is one of the commonest of political fallacies. If by democracy is meant the rule of the majority, nothing can be more false. Where majorities rule without restraint, where the laws and institutions of a people are left entirely to the ballot-box, where a two-thirds or three-fourths vote may change at any moment the constitution of the country, it is clear that the rights and liberties thus committed to the will of the mob are less secure than where a power independent of the people interposes to protect them from their own indiscretion. Theoretically, this power exists in most democratic polities, in the shape of a constitution devised for that special purpose; but, practically, its operation may be contravened by the overweight which that very constitution gives to the popular will. What is the testimony of history on this point? The most democratic government of ancient time was that of Athens; and nowhere was personal liberty less secure. No despotism exercised by Persian satraps or Claudian imperators could be more adverse to individual rights than that of the Athenian *agora*. And this mainly in consequence of a law designed for the very purpose of protecting liberty, — the law of ostracism, which Solon introduced into his otherwise admirable code, with the view to guard against the possible abuse of their power by eminent and influential citizens. By this law, the popular vote could send a man into exile, without even the allegation of a crime, — the estates of the ostracized being confiscated and shared among the people. As a natural consequence of such a law, the envy which accompanies greatness found a ready and convenient tool in popular suspicion. The envious demagogue was enabled to rid himself of a

dangerous rival or censor of his actions, by stigmatizing him as an enemy of the people. It is never difficult to make men believe that they are oppressed, or in danger of being so. "He that goeth about," says Hooker, "to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they might be, shall never want plenty of hearers." In revolutionary France it needed only the cry of *Aristocrate!* to send to the guillotine the truest friends of the people. The most democratic era in the annals of that country was the one in which personal liberty was most precarious, and is known as the Reign of Terror. In our own country it has been found impossible to put the best men in the best places, by reason of the demagogic influence which inevitably arrays itself against distinguished excellence. In Athens demagogism could not only defeat the reward of excellence, but make the possession of it dangerous. Armed with the power of ostracism, it defeated the very ends for which ostracism was established. It deprived the people of their best friends, and left them a prey to intriguing politicians. Lysias, in one of his orations, affirms it to be a settled principle of Athenian policy, that, when the people wanted money, they banished some rich citizen, and divided among themselves his confiscated property. In Xenophon's *Symposium*, one Charmides, who had become impoverished, congratulates himself that he is much better off in his poverty than when he was rich. "Then," he says, "I was obliged to conciliate and flatter informers. I was subject to endless exactions. I was never allowed to journey or to leave the city. Now that I am poor, I am a man of importance, the rich are afraid of me, and pay me reverence. I am now one of the sovereigns of the city."

We are far from insinuating that liberty and democracy are incompatible. We are not arguing against democracy. On the contrary, we believe it to be, where a nation is prepared for it, the most legitimate of all governments. We have never yet found a government sufficiently democratic to suit our theory. We know no government where justice is done to the rights of the minority, or where women are permitted to vote. And until the right of suffrage is extended to women it is useless to talk of democracy. We only insist that personal

liberty is not distinctively a democratic idea, and that something more than democracy — or rather, that a better organization of democracy than has yet been realized — is necessary to secure that inestimable good which we have seen to be the first and chief end of civil government. It needs an element of immutable law. To democratic rule must be added, or rather prefixed, a political code which, both in its constitution and administration, shall be beyond the reach of popular caprice and political intrigue. For though it be true, as democracy pleads, that the world belongs to those who live in it, and not to the dead past, it is also true that the world belongs to reason and right, and not to temporary caprice.

Liberty, we have said, is the first object, and therefore the first test, of an honest and really legitimate government. And this liberty, we have further said, is not to be confounded with equality. We are now to say that *equality* is also a great civil blessing, and therefore an object which governments are bound to favor and promote so far and fast as their peoples are prepared to receive and worthily use it. By equality we do not mean social equality, although that, in a proximate degree, is a natural consequence of the other. We mean political equality, equal political rights, the right of every citizen to a share in the government by representation, and the eligibility of every citizen to every office, according to his intellectual and moral fitness.

Human nature demands this equality, and will never be permanently satisfied with any polity which denies it. Not every nation is equal to this great privilege; but every nation should be educated for it, and every government which is good in its kind and wisely administered will tend to train its subjects up to that mark. No one government is best under all conditions; those which differ widely from each other are equally good in their places. So far we may admit the truth of the commonplace, —

“That which is best administered is best.”

At the same time, as Mr. Mill has conclusively shown, there is such a thing as an absolutely *best government*, representing and organizing the most advanced stage of civil society

and the last results of political science. In such a government political equality is an essential constituent. Accordingly, every approximation to this equality constitutes an element and test of a good government.

In this particular our own government is fairly entitled to that precedence which patriotic admirers have asserted for it, and may claim to be "the best government the world has ever seen." Even in our system, political equality is still incomplete. It does not include women in the elective franchise, and it makes no adequate provision for the rights of the minority. The last-named defect, a point of immense importance, is thoroughly discussed by Mr. Mill.

"The democracies which at present exist," he says, "are not equal, but systematically unequal, in favor of the predominant class. Two very different ideas are usually confounded under the name democracy. The pure idea of democracy, according to its definition, is the government of the whole people by the whole people, equally represented. Democracy, as commonly conceived and hitherto practised, is the government of the whole people by a mere majority of the people, exclusively represented. The former is synonymous with the equality of all citizens; the latter, strangely confounded with it, is a government of privilege, in favor of the numerical majority, who alone possess practically any voice in the state. This is the inevitable consequence of the manner in which the votes are now taken, to the complete disfranchisement of minorities.

"The confusion of ideas here is great, but it is so easily cleared up, that one would suppose the slightest indication would be sufficient to place the matter in its true light before any mind of average intelligence. It would be so, but for the power of habit; owing to which the simplest idea, if unfamiliar, has as great difficulty in making its way to the mind as a far more complicated one. That the minority must yield to the majority, the smaller number to the greater, is a familiar idea; and accordingly men think there is no necessity for using their minds any further, and it does not occur to them that there is any medium between allowing the smaller number to be equally powerful with the greater, and blotting

out the smaller number altogether. In a representative body actually deliberating, the minority must of course be overruled; and in an equal democracy (since the opinions of the constituents, when they insist on them, determine those of the representative body) the majority of the people, through their representatives, will outvote and prevail over the minority and their representatives. But does it follow that the minority should have no representatives at all? Because the majority ought to prevail over the minority, must the majority have all the votes, the minority none? Is it necessary that the minority should not even be heard? Nothing but habit and old association can reconcile any reasonable being to the needless injustice. In a really equal democracy, every or any section would be represented, not disproportionately, but proportionately. A majority of the electors would always have a majority of the representatives; but a minority of the electors would always have a minority of the representatives. Man for man, they would be as fully represented as the majority. Unless they are, there is not equal government, but a government of inequality and privilege: one part of the people rule over the rest; there is a part whose fair and equal share of influence in the representation is withheld from them, contrary to all just government, but, above all, contrary to the principle of democracy, which professes equality as its very root and foundation. It is an essential part of democracy that minorities should be adequately represented. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possibly without it."

A true democracy, as indicated by Mr. Mill, would be the nearest approximation to a perfect government possible to man, in the absence of a true theocracy, which, as we have seen, is, with merely human conditions, *not* possible. Our own, imperfect as it is, comes nearer the mark than any other. No existing government is perfect, and no one combines the merits of all. The peculiar and immense advantages of a popular government are compensated by peculiar defects; but only childish petulance, or base ingratitude, will deny the advantages because of the defects, or undervalue the freedom, ease, and independence which have hitherto been our priceless

privilege, because they are not accompanied with the trenchant force and executive efficiency of a military despotism. There is a class of persons among us, who, when measures miscarry through indirection, or policy halts through demagogic intrigue, or Congress babbles and oratory becomes oppressive, or an irresponsible press blurts out the state secret or invades the sanctity of private life, or when democratic ill-manners annoy us at home and disgrace us abroad, wax impatient of democracy, and sigh for a king. Pity that all such persons could not transfer their allegiance to Russia or Austria, and learn from actual experience the difference between equal and restricted rights.

Tried by the test we are now considering, — that of equality, — England falls as far below most Christian nations as in the matter of personal liberty she ranks above them. There lingers in that country a feudalism elsewhere extinct. And the mixture of feudal and commercial civilization peculiar to the English has doomed them to the evils of both kinds; — on the one hand, aristocracy, with its arrogance and exclusiveness; on the other, a perverted social ambition, with its moral platitudes and abject servility. Nowhere west of Hindostan is such deference paid to externals. Jealous as he is of his civil rights, the Englishman is by no means chary of his self-respect. If you look for real dignity of character, you must seek it among the lower orders. The chartism of the working-man contrasts favorably with the toadying and tuft-hunting of the well-to-do citizen. Foreigners complain, and it must be confessed with abundant reason, of our American manners, our vulgarity and self-assertion. But, weighed in the moral scale, and viewed as indices of character, these traits are respectable compared with the all-pervading snobbishness of English society, where material success is worshipped with the reverence which once attached to saintly virtue. “What is it,” says Carlyle, “that the modern English soul does in very truth dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? What is his *hell*? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it to be, The terror of not succeeding, of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world, — chiefly, of not making money! Is not that a somewhat singular hell?”

Inequalities there will be, as human nature is now constituted, independently of all political forms and administrations, — here a millionaire and there a beggar in the best-governed states. Such inequalities, within certain limits, are not incompatible with an otherwise healthy and prosperous commonwealth. But extreme disparity of fortune, dividing whole classes, as in England, is one of the gravest of political evils. The social discrepancies which everywhere disfigure and afflict society assume there a monstrous and fearful character. "Our country," says one of the ablest of her writers, "is a vast congeries of exaggerations; — enormous wealth and saddest poverty, sumptuous idleness and saddest toil, princely provision for learning and the most degrading ignorance, a large amount of laborious philanthropy, but a larger of unconquered misery and sin, subsist side by side, and terrify us by the preternatural contrast of brilliant coloring with blackest shade. It is appalling to think of the moral cost at which England has become materially great. Do you found that greatness on the culture of the soil? Alas! where is the laborer by whose hand it has been tilled? In a cabin with his children where the domestic decencies cannot be, and where Christ, did he enter, might give his pity, but could hardly ask for obedience. Or do you point rather to her mineral wealth, see the picture, which has scarcely ceased to be true, of crawling women and harnessed children, of whose toil this glory has come. I know not which is most heathenish, the guilty negligence of our lofty men, or the fearful degradation of the low." *

Nowhere is poverty so forlorn as when found in immediate juxtaposition with rank commercial prosperity, or vast hereditary estates, or overgrown ecclesiastical benefices; and nowhere is this contrast so consummate as in England. Compared with the English *proletaire*, the Neapolitan Lazzerone is a favored mortal. He is sure at least of the patronage of two faithful and powerful friends. Nature is his patron. She gives him the sunshine of her blandest sky, with the cheap products of her favorite soil. The Church is his patron. She gives him the covert of her ever-open temples, from which

* James Martineau.

no feed verger turns away his rags, and where no daintiness of fellow-worshippers, or shame of his own, forbids his entrance or imbitters his stay. She gives him the kindly recognition of her piety, to which the beggar at the church-door is a privileged person since Christianity found him at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. And with that recognition she rescues him from the sense of utter and hopeless degradation. If he dies of starvation at last, he has had some experience of the sweets of life. But the English pauper, what friends or consolations has he? Country, climate, religion, are all against him. To him are shut the skies, the churches, the hearts of his countrymen. What the nation does for him it does in the interest, not of mercy, but of necessary self-defence. Philanthropy even approaches him ungraciously, without true sympathy, in the way of duty rather than of love. Poverty, which elsewhere is regarded as a misfortune, in England ranks as crime. Not only unblest, but unholy, it is looked upon at best with that sort of compassion which the good man feels toward the guilty. Such is the operation of that exorbitant mammonism which has made England, with all her speciosities and religious pruderies, the most unchristian of Christian nations. Vice in other countries may be more rampant, but in none, we suspect, is the demoralization so pervading; in no country professing itself Christian has civilization strayed so wide of the Gospel as in decent, punctilious, Scriptural England, where religion itself is apt to be but a form of worldliness, which Coleridge called "other-worldliness," — a speculation in spiritual securities, investment in heavenly consolations, that is, *Consols* raised to a heavenly power.

The two tests which have been named — liberty and equality — are strictly internal; they concern exclusively the relation of governments to the peoples governed, — it being, of course, the first business of government to look after its own, to see that its people take no detriment, that the private citizen is protected against the nearest and most imminent dangers. This is the first and chief aim of governments; but is it the only and final aim? Has a government, has a nation, no interests but its own, no relations to the rest of mankind, no need and no duty of intercommunication with other lands?

Is the Japanese policy the true one, — non-intercourse with the outside world? And if not, if intercourse with other nations is a civil obligation as well as a commercial want, then what are the principles and rules of policy which should regulate that intercourse? Exclusive regard on the part of each people to its own commercial and political aggrandizement, or, mixed with that motive, the humane desire to promote the well-being of the foreign nation and the cause of mankind? Christianity — not to say humanity — allows but one answer to such inquiry. To state the question within the precincts of Christendom is to answer it. We have, then, another and supreme test, an external criterion of governments, — their foreign policy. If we push this probe, we shall find, it is to be feared, little ground for preferring one before another of existing nations. They are all faulty, they all come miserably short of any high standard of international policy. And yet there is a difference. To France, of European governments, must be conceded the most catholic and cosmopolitan spirit. With regard to the rest, it is easier to say which is worst, than which is best. On that point, we fancy, there is no dispute; and on that point the verdict of mankind is plain proof and infallible judgment. If any one nation more than another has the hatred and ill-will of all the rest, that nation is the English. If there is any one government whose foreign policy has been uniformly heartless, selfish, and unprincipled, it is that of Great Britain. The policy of other nations has been based to some extent upon ideas, that of England on material interests solely. Austria and Russia have been cruelly oppressive, but they have acted in the name of a theory, a faith, however erroneous. Austrian absolutism is more respectable as a principle of policy than English materialism. When the first Napoleon stigmatized the nation as “a nation of shop-keepers,” without intending to disparage trade, he put his finger on the mainspring of British rule, — the materialism which knows no motive or law in politics but the market. This materialism in the English character has been the source of much good; it has given us the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the railroad, and cheap postage; but also it is the cause of that peculiar hardness and limitation, that want of mental expansion

and genial abandonment, that self-willedness, doggedness, that immovable prejudice and tenacity of opinion and custom, which enter into our idea of John Bull. The Englishman lacks enthusiasm, the capacity of momentary exaltation above all selfish and material views. The intense inwardness of the German, seeing visions and dreaming dreams which beget indifference to the actual, the generous effervescence of the French for freedom and glory, the passionate impulsiveness of the Italian in the service of an idea, — all these are foreign to him, — all these are "*bosh*" in his estimation. In 1848, when Europe was ablaze with democratic aspirations, the great demonstration of the Chartists on Kensington common, which seemed to point in that direction, evaporated without result. French journals expressed their surprise at a turn so different from their own then recent experience; but a London paper complacently accounted for the fact by what it termed the practical good sense of the English. "An Englishman," said the writer, "is not to be moved by appeals to sentiment; with him, the appeal must be to something material. In France it needs only the cry of 'Liberty and Equality!' to work a political revolution, but the Englishman will not stir till he sees some tangible good to be got by moving." During the agitation of the Reform Bill, he had heard a politician haranguing a crowd, and telling them: "'Pass this bill and you will have sugar at threepence a pound, and soap at half its present price.' It was not true, but it marked the difference between the two countries; it showed that the speaker knew what strings to touch when addressing an English audience." Had an enemy said this, it would have sounded like bitter satire, but no satire was intended. There is precisely this difference between the two nations. With the Frenchman the appeal must be to the sentiments, with the Englishman it must be to the pocket. With the one it is "Liberty and Equality," with the other it is sugar or soap — or, just at this moment, cotton — that sways the public mind.

Of the recent manifestation of this materialism in the conduct of Great Britain toward this country, we will only say, that, after due consideration of every apology that has been offered, this patent and never-to-be-forgotten fact remains, that,

of all the nations of Christendom, the one from which sympathy might soonest have been expected is precisely the one which, under the guise of neutrality,* has shown itself most hostile to the North. It remains everlastingly true, that England, when our case came before her, took her market-scales, put the destinies of a great nation in one scale, and put cotton in the other, and concluded cotton to be the weightier of the two. However we may mourn at the shallow materialism of such a decision, we cannot wonder that England should cast her influence into the scale of market values, and tremble whenever these are assailed. A power whose constituents are wholly material, into whose composition no spiritual element enters, no ideas, but only tangible possessions, — a power which depends for its perpetuity on a single branch of industry, on continued supplies from abroad of a single commodity, — has need to look well to its material support; it stands on a very precarious basis, and is liable to sudden and fatal reverse. English journals have proclaimed our rupture to be the bursting of "the bubble of democracy." There are other bubbles that may burst beside democracy. Capital, England's mainstay, may prove as treacherous or as visionary, and on the whole is less to be depended on in the long run, as a national support, than the ballot-box.

English capital not long since embarked in a speculation which, though properly a private adventure, assumed, from its magnitude and peculiar character, the aspect and proportions

* That the nominal neutrality of England is a neutrality of the letter only, and not in substance and spirit, is shown, not only by such conduct as the favor extended to the pirate steamer, the *Nashville*, but by the admission of here and there an exceptional Englishman, and by none more clearly than by Mr. Mill, for whose noble paper, contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* and reprinted by Little and Brown, we desire to express our most cordial thanks. "Not by anything said or done by us as a government," says the author, "but by the tone of our press, and, in some degree, it must be owned, the general opinion of English society, the judgments which have been put forth, the wishes which have been expressed concerning the incidents and probable eventualities of the struggle, the bitter and irritating criticism which has been kept up, almost solely against the party in the right, and the ungenerous refusal of all those just allowances which no country needs more than our own," &c., "we have given too much plausibility to the charge." (That is, of espousing the cause of slavery.) "There is no denying that our attitude toward the contending parties — I mean our moral attitude — has not been that which becomes a people who," &c.

of a national enterprise. English capitalists undertook to build a ship which should fitly represent the great maritime power of the world, surpassing all previous structures in that kind,—the age's masterpiece, combining steam, sail, paddle, and screw, all the inventions and resources of naval art, in one perfect whole;—a ship that should ride the wrought seas with as little inconvenience to the passenger as other ships ride an inland stream;—a ship that should reduce to a minimum of time the passage from continent to continent, that should disarm the ocean of its terrors, and furnish the traveler with all that home can supply,—a moving city on the deep;—a ship, in fine, in which the patriotic sentiment, “*Britannia rules the waves,*” so triumphantly asserted “*with thunders from her native oak*” at Portobello and Trafalgar, should be actualized at last in a miracle of peaceful art. The world knows the history of the *Great Eastern*, hitherto a history of failures and disasters, of loss and defect. The ship was built, and then, by reason of her great bulk, could not be launched, but lay long useless and ridiculous on the stocks. When at last she was launched and rigged and got under way, she misbehaved in her trial trip, and received grave damage in British waters. She next crossed the Atlantic, and proved an indifferent sailer, both as to swiftness and ease, disappointing the expectations of all concerned. She came to our shores, exhibited herself for money, made an excursion along our coasts, and disgusted all who took passage in her with culpable mismanagement and want of decent accommodation. Her last mishap, in the autumn of the past year, crowned all previous disasters with a dispensation of terror and suffering not easily paralleled in the annals of modern navigation. For days the miserable ship, disabled in her rudder-works, lay helplessly floundering in the trough of the sea, with her broadside to the gale, the plaything of the winds and waves. Passengers were thrown from their berths, every movable thing was hurled from its place, and a rolling flood of mutinous confusion stunned the senses and imperilled the lives of all who came within its vortex. The constituted authorities—captain, mates, helmsman, engineers—were helpless and dumbfounded like the rest, and could only offer

their silent, practical comment on the words of the Psalmist: "They reel to and fro, they stagger like a drunken man, they are at their wits' end." In this extremity, what happened? Whence came, under Providence, counsel and succor, when all seemed lost? An American passenger, who had not yet come to his wits' end, considering the case with the guessful eye and shifty brain of his countrymen, devised a remedy,—whittled out in his thought a contrivance which extricated the forlorn company from present imminent peril, brought the ship once more within the control of her helm, and enabled her officers, not indeed to prosecute their voyage, and reach "the desired haven," but to realize their "petty hope in some near port or bay,"—to bring the ship to her native shores, where at length she was suffered to rest from her labors.

The history is significant; one is tempted to regard it as typical. This too ambitious project, this structure exceeding the capacity and wit of its projectors,—what image does it call up? We read in old tradition of an inland people, away back in the twilight of history, who projected an impossible tower on the plain of Shinar, and how they were baffled in their work. In our day, it is a maritime nation that says, "Go to, let us make us a name," and instead of the heaven-daring tower we have the monster ship,—type of the maritime enterprise that gave it birth. There are limits to maritime enterprise, limits to the empire of the sea and the coveted conquest over nature and time. The imperious sea-queen, whose boast it is that the sun never sets on her possessions, and whose ambition it is to occupy ocean with her sovereign rule, "to shut the domain of free Amphitrite as it were her own house,"* may one day find that she is warring against nature and insulting gravitation in her vain attempts to constitute herself the new *omphalos* of this majestic world, and to balance the continents with her island-realm. The time may come, prefigured in the Great Eastern, when

* "Seine Handelsflotten streckt der Britte
Gierig wie Polypenarme aus
Und das Reich der freien Amphitrite
Will er schliessen wie sein eignes Haus."

SCHILLER.

her ship of state shall labor hopelessly floundering in political seas, her engine out of order, hull out of trim, tackle foul, no conduct at the helm, a French armada on her weather bow, and mutiny on deck. In such a juncture American aid might perhaps be as welcome as it was to the sea-worn company in the monster ship.

Meanwhile, England is doing what she can to alienate her nearest relative and natural ally. The bitter obloquy which pours from her press belies and countervails the professed neutrality of her government. British policy may seem to restrain its hand, but British journalism does not restrain its speech. British journalism has during the past year been sowing in the hearts of this people seeds of hatred and of wrath which many years will not suffice to eradicate. The youth of to-day, who are soon to have the conduct of our affairs and to sway the policy of this country, are receiving, simultaneously with their impressions of native treason and rebellion, impressions equally profound of British insolence and British injustice.

Our treatment of the theme proposed in the outset has strayed into criticism, more extensive than we had designed, of one particular government and nation, in which, as it seems to us, the best and the worst of civil polity are represented,—the strongest guaranties of personal liberty combined with the most offensive of class prerogatives and inequalities. We have no space left for the further discussion of our main topic, and will only add one closing reflection, forced upon us by all our converse with the civil history of nations. Although political science, as we have seen, advances slowly, as compared with other knowledges, the two chief ends and primary blessings of civil government—liberty and equality—have gained on the whole with every great revolution in human affairs. The world's history thus far has been a continued conflict between industry and force, resulting always, after many defeats, in solid advantage to the former, with successive limitations of the latter. So it has been hitherto, and the progress of society, if there be that consent and convergence of races, empires, religions, to a common end which we so

name,—if history be not a series without a sequence, a succession of detached cycles with no spiral continuity of process,—the progress of society, in time to come, will be marked and measured by new triumphs of industry over force, by fresh surrender of right derived from lawless might. The English race may claim, in their own name and that of their American offspring, to have forwarded more than all other peoples the political emancipation of labor,—constitutional liberty. Whether the social emancipation of labor shall also redound to the credit of this race remains to be determined. That is the next great state in the progress of mankind. The political battle has been fought of industry against force; the social conflict continues of low caste and high caste, of privation on one side with superfluity on the other. The political problem of representative self-government (if the cause of American union shall triumph in the war now waging against treason and secession) may be considered as solved; the social problem is still pending,—the perfect adjustment of capital and labor, and the reconciliation of the greatest individual freedom with the utmost efficiency of social union. The only possible solution of this problem is a peaceful one. The appeal here is not to arms, but to interest; nor yet to interest alone, but to time and the irresistible “logic of events.” Time, the great mediator, rights all wrongs, abolishes all unrighteous distinctions, exalts every valley, depresses every hill, makes the rough place plain, and reconciles one by one the sheer contradictions of social life. The ideal polity in which Love is lawgiver and Reason minister presupposes a sinless constituency, and is possible only on heavenly terms; but mortal years may expect through mere development of the human understanding such commonwealths as Mr. Mill portrays,—representative governments in which all classes are truly represented; from whose constitution the last of prescriptive rights, the right of sex, is expunged; in which rank is gauged by meritorious industry;—democracies which know no demagogue but superior wisdom, states in comparison with which “the best government the world has yet seen” will be deemed a failure.

ART. II. — SPENCER'S RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

First Principles. By HERBERT SPENCER, Author of "Social Statics"; "The Principles of Psychology"; "Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Nos. I. — IV. 1860 — 1861.

THE works of Herbert Spencer exhibit the latest form of the positive philosophy, and foreshadow its future development. Reverent and bold, — reverent for truth, though not for the forms of truth, and not for much that we hold true, — bold in the destruction of error, though without that joy in destruction which often claims the name of boldness, — these works are interesting in themselves and in their relation to the earnest thought of the time. They seem at the first sight to form the turning-point in the positive philosophy; but closer examination shows us that it is only a new and marked stage in a regular growth. It is the positive philosophy reaching the higher realities of our being, and establishing what before it ignored, because it had not reached, and by ignoring seemed to destroy. This system formerly excluded theology and pure psychology. In the works of Spencer we have the rudiments of a positive theology, and an immense step towards the perfection of the science of psychology.

In witnessing the increasing violence of any destructive power, it is hard to free ourselves from a certain shrinking terror, even if we know that there are barriers which this power cannot pass. When the tempest drives the flowing tide, with what seems irresistible might, against the shore, it is hard to keep wholly free from dread, even though we know that the "Thus far and no farther" has been written by the hand of God on the eternal rocks. So, many clear heads and trusting hearts felt a certain unacknowledged terror in the presence of that philosophy which seemed sweeping away what was dearest to their faith, even while they knew the limits which bound it.

Before considering the relation which the works of Spencer

bear to our religious thought, let us look for a moment at those limitations which were imposed upon this positive philosophy by its very nature. We will not speak of the most obvious and real of these,—the fact that it left out of the account one whole department of our being,—for this would be to assume the whole question. An argument drawn from this would affect only the man of religious faith, and it would affect him only so far as his faith was strong; that is, it would be strongest when it was least needed. The positive philosophy, positive towards the sciences, was merely negative towards theology. It did not directly attack it. It only tried to crowd it out. It attempted to do this in two ways: first, historically; secondly, demonstratively. The historical method was this. It showed how every science had passed through the three stages of theological, metaphysical, and positive. The first of these stages was still further subdivided into the periods of Fetichism, Polytheism, and Monotheism. All the sciences had passed through these forms except the new and incomplete science of sociology. The direct hand of God was acknowledged only in our human life, and, as it had been excluded from every other sphere, the inference was unavoidable that it would be from this. But to make the inference from it valid, these changes should have been complete and radical. If it is seen that each of these was only a matter of degree, that it was a right principle too far extended, then the inference is without logical foundation. Even Fetichism was only such an undue extension. Fetichism was simply ascribing to all the objects in nature what was due to some of them, viz. consciousness and volition akin to those of the beholder. The savage had not drawn the line between the animate and the inanimate. We still apply the principle of Fetichism to men and to animals. Still further, our most accurate science has hardly yet drawn the line where Fetichism should cease, that is, where animal life ends, and vegetable begins. The principle, then, is only modified and limited, not abandoned. It is sufficient to show this in regard to the first of this series of changes, to expose the fallacy of the argument drawn from them. Had we space, however, the process could be continued in regard to the others. What was essential in Polytheism is

retained by the monotheistic Trinitarianism, and no profound Monotheism can long be free from some form of Trinitarianism. Enough has been shown, however, to prove that these changes are merely limitations and modifications, and these can never pass into destruction and annihilation. Least of all could this destruction be argued from them.

A similar fallacy is found in the other method of crowding religion out of the world. This method is, by showing the presence of law everywhere, and the absence of all arbitrariness, to leave no place for the Divine will. But the same system, when it comes to speak of the human will, makes that regular and subject to law. If it seem capricious, it is only because the circumstances about it change. If this be so, then this regularity in the world is what we should expect from the working of an absolute will, which was master of its circumstances. The account that the positive philosophy gives of the world just fits the conception which it gives of will, and gives us just such a world as we should expect from a supreme will, as it defines will.

Many persons conceive of fallacies in a system as places to be attacked, just as a boy imagines the eyes of the cocoa-nut to be designed by nature as weak spots for the insertion of his gimlet. Both overlook the great principle of germination.

If any system have real vitality in it, its points of weakness are its points of growth. It cannot be destroyed from without; but by the process of its own nature it will itself break through its limitations, and transform itself into a more perfect form, or at least into one that shall supply what it before lacked. What we should expect from these points of germination in the positive philosophy would be, then, a theology so modified as to be free from all arbitrariness and caprice. In the works of Spencer we have indications of the beginning of this process. In the system of philosophy of which Mr. Spencer has commenced the serial publication, we have first, under the heading of "First Principles," two divisions, viz. Part First, "The Unknowable," and Part Second, "Laws of the Knowable." It is with the first of these parts that we concern ourselves at present. In this he brings together the ultimate facts of science and religion. He takes up three

forms of religious thought, the atheistic, the pantheistic, and one form of the theistic, and shows that each is inconceivable, and therefore idle. He then takes up, in like manner, the ultimate scientific ideas, such as space, time, and force, and shows that these are, in like manner, inconceivable, and consequently unknowable. He has thus shown that both religious thought and scientific thought lose themselves, if we trace them back far enough, in mystery. And when at last he seeks a reconciliation of the two, he finds it in this mystery, which is common to both. The mysteriousness of these ultimate facts is the one thing in common between all forms of religion, and between these and science. Yet it is not all mystery or uncertainty in either. The solid, central ground is the certainty of one omnipresent and incomprehensible power. We give the statement of this very important result in the words of the author.

"We are obliged to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some power, by which we are acted upon; phenomena being, so far as we can ascertain, unlimited on their diffusion, we are obliged to regard this power as omnipresent; and criticism teaches us that this power is wholly incomprehensible. In this consciousness of an incomprehensible, omnipresent power, we have just the consciousness on which religion dwells. And so we arrive at the point where religion and science coalesce."

Such is a brief and meagre sketch of a discussion which we would commend to be followed in detail by every mind interested in theological study. Herbert Spencer comes, in good faith, from what has been so long a hostile camp, bringing a flag of truce and proposing terms of agreement meant to be honorable to both parties. Let us give him a candid hearing, and perhaps the terms he offers, though we may not accept them in their first and full form, may lead to a better understanding, and open the way to a final adjustment. In suggesting a few thoughts designed to help forward this result, we shall avoid all mere verbal criticism; we shall resist the temptation to expose inconsistencies inevitable to a transition state, and shall confine ourselves to the broadest principles involved in the discussion.

Our first criticism is, that Spencer looks upon theology, or

tries to do so, too much from the theological stand-point. He confuses the subject by bringing in discussions which belong to theology, and with which positivism has nothing to do. It is like Lord Lyons interpreting the Constitution of the United States to Mr. Seward. Even with the distinctions of Atheism, Pantheism, and Theism, the positivist, as such, has nothing to do. He can, if we may be allowed the paradox, conceive of Theism only under the form of Atheism; that is to say, he must look at the whole circle of being as complete in itself, with nothing outside of it. If to this chain of causes there be a first cause, this must be taken with the rest as forming the sum of what is. The existence of God does not explain existence. It presupposes it. Even if this first cause be all-pervading and all-efficient, if it be the working power in each subordinate cause,—whether it be a part of the whole, or whether it be the whole of which the others are parts,—with them it makes up the sum of that which is. And that which is, a self-completing and self-sufficient circle, with nothing outside of it, is that with which the positivist has to do. The theology he has, if he have any, must be his own, and reached in his own way. The giving up of these cumbering remains of old discussions will lighten the whole controversy.

Our next point of objection is, that the terms of compromise he proposes are dishonorable to both parties, no less so to science than to theology. They are so because they do not involve the results achieved by either.

To illustrate clearly the method of reconciliation proposed, we will quote somewhat in detail.

“We have to discover some fundamental verity which religion will assert, with all possible emphasis, in the absence of science, and which science, with all possible emphasis, will assert in the absence of religion,—some fundamental verity in the defence of which each will find the other its ally.

“Or, changing the point of view, our aim must be to co-ordinate the seemingly opposed convictions which religion and science embody. From the coalescence of antagonist ideas, each containing its portion of truth, there always arises a higher development. As in geology, when the igneous and aqueous hypotheses were united, a rapid advance took place; as in biology we are beginning to progress through the

fusion of the doctrine of types with the doctrine of adaptation ; as in psychology the arrested growth recommences, now that the disciples of Kant and those of Locke have both their views recognized in the theory that organized experiences produce forms of thought ; as in sociology now that it is beginning to assume a positive character, we find a recognition of both the party of progress and the party of order as each holding a truth, which forms a needful complement to that held by the other ; — so must it be, on a grander scale, with religion and science. To understand how science and religion express opposite sides of the same fact, — the one its near or visible side, and the other its remote or invisible side, — this is what we must attempt, and to achieve this we must profoundly modify our general theory of things.

“ We have found *a priori* reason for believing that in all religions, even the rudest, there lies a hidden, a fundamental verity. We have inferred that this fundamental verity is that element common to all religions, which remains after their discordant peculiarities have been mutually cancelled. And we have further inferred, that this element is almost certain to be more abstract than any current religious doctrine. Now, it is manifest that only in some highly abstract proposition can religion and science find a common ground. Neither such dogmas as those of the Trinitarian and Unitarian, nor any such idea as that of propitiation, common though it may be to all religions, can serve as the desired basis of agreement ; for science cannot recognize beliefs like these : they lie beyond its sphere. Hence we see, not only that, judging by analogy, the essential truth contained in religion is that most abstract element pervading all its forms ; but also that this most abstract element is the only one in which religion is likely to agree with science.”

We can hardly understand how the portion of our quotation which follows the dots that take the place of an omitted paragraph should have been written by the same hand that wrote that which precedes them. Suppose the principle of compromise, suggested in the close of our extract, be applied to the controversies referred to at the beginning. The abstract truth common to the igneous and aqueous theories is, that the geological structure of the world was produced somehow. The truth held in common by the disciples of Kant and those of Locke would be that men had ideas. On the contrary, each of the compromises referred to by him were reached by the tenacity with which each side maintained its

own convictions to the last. The Neptunian maintained the action of water, the Vulcanian that of fire, till the agency of both was at last admitted. The disciple of Kant maintained that men were born with certain forms of thought. The disciples of Locke maintained that all thoughts and all forms of thought were the result of experience. The higher ground referred to by Spencer is the ingenious theory, that individual men are born with forms of thought, the result of the accumulated and embodied experience of the race. Not what is most abstract, but what is most concrete, in each of the opposing doctrines, is the basis of the final and harmonious adjustment. In like manner, if religion and science ever coalesce, this result will be brought about by the steadfastness with which each insists on what is most peculiar to itself. Theology must maintain its highest intuitions; science must maintain the rigid accuracy of its own methods. Spencer, in the result he has reached, does more to help forward this adjustment than by the basis he proposes. When he gives us, as the infallible demonstration of science, that all phenomena are the result of one absolute and omnipresent power, we see the first step in the process of reconciliation. Science will demonstrate the fundamental truths of religion, while the extravagances of theology will be corrected, and its confusion made clear, by the same process.

Let us look more closely at the ground thus reached. What is there in the results of positive science that should lead to the undoubting statement of Spencer, and that should lead still further to the advance just suggested? Positive science discloses the unity and the development of the world. It subordinates all laws to one law, and this one law is seen more and more to be that of development, of progress. The formula of this development is found to be the same at every stage, namely, progression by differentiation and integration. The result is the same as when Newton found that the same mathematical formula would express the motion of the planets and that of an apple falling to the earth. He saw, and the world saw, that this common result must be produced by one and the same cause. This was only one step in the demonstration by which science has shown, and is showing, the

world and the universe to be a unity, and if a unity, then the inference is unavoidable, that all its phenomena must be the result of one and the same power. The principle of progress or development by itself explains nothing, but points unmistakably in the same direction. Development is a constant creation. If it is a creative act to produce man out of the dust of the earth in a moment, it is no less a creative act to produce him out of a nebulous mist, in myriads of years. Nay, it is no less a creative act to produce the human race, should it ever be brought to this, out of the race of baboons. For this would involve, unless our estimate of humanity be exaggerated, the production of faculties and powers which before had no existence. We wish to commit ourselves to no theory, but only to show that the most extreme theories, so far as they affect the theological argument at all, only make it stronger. To trace back this grand procession to a nebulous mass, and call this its cause, would be as if one should trace back a bubble to a few drops of soap and water in the bowl of a pipe, and call these its cause. Trace the universe back, if you can, to this nebulous mass; then we see more clearly than ever before that there is need of the inspiring breath of God to give this shapeless mass form and beauty, to breathe into it the spirit of life, of understanding, and of love. The formula according to which this development takes place, the conditions under which it takes place, cannot be its cause. Differentiation and integration show the method, but presuppose the power, of advance. To attempt to explain this constant advance by these alone would be to explain the passage of water through a bed of clay by saying that first the water softened the clay, and then washed it off, then softened more, and washed that away. This explains well enough the method, but presupposes the force which was urging the water on. This unity of the world, presupposing unity in its cause, and this constant progress in the world, presupposing the constant action of this causing power, were undoubtedly the facts which forced Spencer, as they must, when they become more clearly recognized, force all thinking minds, to the recognition of the one absolute and omnipresent power. But can the thought rest here? Do these

constant effects give no hint of the nature of the cause? There are further steps which must be taken. Spencer himself gives some hint of, as well as makes preparation for, the next. In speaking of those who hold fast to the popular conception of God, he says, that they "make the erroneous assumption that the choice is between personality and something lower than personality; whereas the choice is rather between personality and something higher. Is it not just possible that there is a mode of being as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mechanical motion?"

If we compare the "Is it not possible" of Spencer with the "must be" of Parker, we shall see how near this Positivism is to a positive Theism. The relation of the results of Spencer to the religious sentiment may be best seen by reading, in connection with his works, Miss Hennell's very interesting and earnest volume, entitled "Thoughts in Aid of Faith." This book seems to have been suggested by Spencer's writings. It certainly occupies the same stand-point, and presents the same results, under the form of sentiment. It shows how emotional religion fills out every channel that is opened for it; and how far such a channel is opened by Positivism.

One of the greatest points of difference between the modern philosophy and that which came before it is, that the modern places an impassable gulf between cause and effect. The effect, it is maintained, gives no idea of the cause. Mill, in his Logic, ridicules the assumption that there can be nothing in the effect which is not in the cause, by the deduction that, if there be pepper in the soup, the cook that made it must have been peppery; which suggests, and was probably suggested by, the familiar parody, "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat." It is true that such reasoning may be carried too far. An efficient cause, in general, simply sets in motion the properties of the object acted on, and its results are varied by these properties. A spark is the same, whether it be produced by friction, fire, or chemical action. On the other hand, its effects vary, according as it falls on powder, tinder, water, ice, or dough. But it is also true, that the material of the effect can be nothing but the material of that cause which supplied the material. The *causa materialis* is revealed by

the effect. Moreover, when there is any final cause, this is revealed in the effect. Leaving out of the account all scholastic distinctions, and not aiming at strict scientific accuracy, we may say that causes are of two sorts, — those which set in action the latent powers of other substances, and those which furnish themselves the substance of the new effect. Physicians express this distinction very simply when they speak of the exciting and predisposing causes of disease. Now an absolute cause furnishes everything. It is at once the efficient, material, formal, and final cause. Its action is not limited by other substances, for there are no other. It is not qualified by the material on which it works, for it supplies this substance. We could not say whether the form of its action is imposed by itself from without, or whether it results from the nature of the substance acted upon, for subject and object are one. Moreover, there being nothing to impede or check, the end reached must be the end proposed. Consequently, the results produced by an absolute cause must be in some degree the revelation of the cause.

The same is true, notwithstanding the admissions made above, of every cause, however limited. For how can a cause be defined, except by its effects? The nature of a cause is to produce such and such effects. It is the nature of fire to produce light, to melt ice, to burn combustible matter. We define a cause, then, when we say what it has done, what it might do, and what it will do. All that we know of anything is, that it is the cause of certain effects, and the result of certain causes. Of the absolute cause we know, and can know, only the first. Of this we know, that it produces thought, it sustains thought, guides thought, and, by impelling thought towards itself, makes itself the end of thought. We know that it causes love, maintains love, guides love, and, by directing love towards itself, makes itself the object of love. This the positivist must affirm, and if he affirms this, it is, for practical purposes, very much as if he affirmed, with Jesus, that God is spirit, and with John, that God is love. This same cause produces also sorrow and suffering. But, so far as we can see, we perceive these to be only means for an end, which is the opposite of these. And however it may be with these,

it must remain true that the most complete and highest results of a cause are the truest revelation of it. This is evident from what we have said of the nature of the definition of a cause. These highest results show most perfectly what it is the nature of the cause to effect. If we wish to form a conception of the force of attraction, we should not think of reckoning the power that it takes to draw a pebble to the earth, but that which is needed to hold the universe together. The universe is, so far as we know, unlimited. If it were unlimited, we know that this power of attraction would hold the whole together, because each new world adds to this power. Thus, to form an estimate of the power of attraction, we should have to think of unlimited, that is infinite force. This we can do, and in this we can believe, though it be inconceivable. In like manner, to form a thought of the absolute cause of all, we must take what we are forced to recognize as its highest results, and make these our measure. These results are spiritual. They are Thought and Love, which are the highest attributes of spirit. These, then, form the best revelation that we have of the absolute cause. These are imperfect, but not therefore false in their revelation. An absolute cause must reveal itself, more or less, at every step. At every step the highest result reached is the best revelation. Suppose, at each stage in creation, the world to have a certain consciousness, by which it knows that it is the product of one power, and seeks to discover from itself the nature of that power. The bare and barren worlds of unmeasured vastness, stretching through immeasurable space, would find in themselves the revelation of might only, of the vastness of the power that caused them. Attraction is pure, unqualified power. The world of plants, the result of the teeming fertility of the primeval worlds, would recognize life as the truest revelation of the first cause, because life is the highest that had yet been reached. In the same way, passing over intermediate stages, we, in whom life has become thought, love, spirit, recognize these as the truest revelation. What further is to come we cannot say ; but as, from our own stand-point, we can see how the revelation in worlds and in plants was true, though imperfect, so the revelation in us, while it is imperfect, is yet true.

No one has done more to illustrate this point than Herbert Spencer, though what he has done has been without this intention. By showing how all forms of life, with all forms of thought, as well as all forms of progress, may be summed up under one formula, he shows how what is true at one stage, though imperfect, must be true at all stages, and must remain so forever.

In the same manner he illustrates the right that we have to accept as absolutely real what is only relatively so. He says : —

“Thus we may resume with entire confidence those realistic conceptions which philosophy at first sight seems to dissipate. Though reality, under the forms of our consciousness, is but a conditioned effect of the absolute reality, yet this conditioned effect, standing in indissoluble relation with its unconditioned cause, and being equally persistent with it, so long as the conditions persist, is, to the consciousness supplying those conditions, equally real. The persistent impressions, being the persistent results of a persistent cause, are for practical purposes the same to us as the cause itself, and may be habitually dealt with as its equivalents. Somewhat in the same way that our visual perceptions, though merely symbols, found to be the equivalents of tactual perceptions, are yet so identified with those tactual perceptions that we actually appear to see the solidity and hardness which we do but infer, and thus conceive as objects what are only the signs of objects ; so, on a higher stage, do we deal with those relative realities as though they were absolutes instead of effects of the absolute. And we may legitimately continue so to deal with them as long as the conclusions to which they help us are understood as relative realities, and not absolute ones.”

This he says of such realities as time, space, motion, force, &c. The same remarks would apply equally to higher realities. If we find the presence of mind and thought in the world, or the results of a power, which is practically the same as mind and thought ; if this always has been so, and always will be so, we are right in regarding this power as mind and thought, even though it should be higher than, and in some respects different from, and not at all to be measured by, our mind and our thought. If the positive philosophy affirms it in one case and not in the other, it is because this system is

thoroughly treating the lower realities, and just approaching the higher.

In the reasoning which we have used, we have constantly spoken of some realities and results as higher than others. The end we have reached depends upon this distinction. This is a point where the positive philosophy is apparently most at issue with the religious,—which is here identical with the common sense of mankind. Spencer thus writes, in speaking of the correlation and equivalents of forces in the fourth number of his work.

“Many who admit that, among physical phenomena at least, the correlation of forces is now established, will probably say that inquiry has not yet gone far enough to enable us to predicate equivalence. And in respect of the forces classed as vital, mental, and social, the evidence assigned, however little to be explained away, they will consider by no means conclusive even of correlation, much less of equivalence. To those who think thus, it must now, however, be pointed out that the universal truth above illustrated, under its various aspects, is a necessary corollary from the persistence of force. Setting out with the proposition that force can neither come into existence nor cease to exist, the several foregoing conclusions inevitably follow. Either mental energies, as well as bodily ones, are quantitatively correlated to certain energies expended in their production, and to certain other energies which they initiate; or else nothing must become something, or something must become nothing.”

We here meet, though somewhat vaguely, the great point of difference between the merely scientific and the theological point of view. The common and abiding sense of all men is with the latter. Life and thought are not mere equivalents of their material conditions, unless so far as some power may have been latent in the physical conditions imparted to them from something behind and higher than themselves. The life of mere sensualism is lower than the intellectual life. An evil life is lower than a moral life. This the human sense always will maintain. A man stands higher than a brute. The further our knowledge advances, the more do we feel the difference between the crime of killing a man, and killing a brute, or thousands of brutes. All the pre-Adamite beasts and reptiles together were not the equivalent of a single

human being. Science cannot persuade men out of this; though we may admit to science the possible presence of a latent, imparted force in the lower forms of being. We may illustrate this by the familiar experiment of the ivory balls. A blow struck on the first reveals itself in the motion of the last. The force is latent in the intermediate ones; so a human spirit may perhaps be regarded as the last of a series, which first reveals the power imparted to the whole. A better illustration would be that of a child. The child is not the equivalent of the man it is to become, yet there is imparted to it, from the parent, the impulse of growth, which growth is carried on by means of absorption from the outward world. The man, not the child, is the true image of the parent. So the universe may be regarded as at first the unconscious child of the first cause. This absolute cause stands to it in the place both of parent and permanent condition. It gives it the first impulse as parent, and imparts to it, when it needs, new life, as the constantly present condition of its growth. It is thus both father and mother, both imparting and sustaining this growing life. Thus does the universe, the child of God, grow from its first unconsciousness up into the more and more perfect image of its cause, until man comes, "made in God's image," and humanity by slow degrees develops this godlikeness.

We have thus shown how science, proving the unity that reigns through the universe, demonstrates that it is the result of one power, and further how this is only one step of a process that cannot rest, by which the results of this one power must be seen to be, in some degree, the revelation of it. We will now look, very briefly, at some of the results of this demonstration.

The first result will be, that, as science demonstrates, step by step, the truths of religion, they will become universal and undoubted. The results of science, when they have become really established, are always so. All men have powers and intuitions by which they might discern God, but these intuitions are obscured by lack of culture and by sin. Men like undoubted, unquestionable authority. The authority of the Church is broken into manifold fragments. In the times of

the mediæval Church, there seems to have been little real unbelief. The worst men seem to have been superstitious. This was because the learned united to uphold the fundamental doctrines of the Church. Science is beginning a demonstration that shall again make religious truth as universal and as undoubted as the fact that the earth moves round the sun. We shall have the old unanimity, but it will rest on a stronger basis.

The same scientific process will throw light on many other points. Thus, we unite in believing that religion teaches goodness. What shall a man do to be good? Moral science and political economy are sciences exact as any other, and these will teach us, as they are rightly understood, what objective goodness really is. We all agree in the belief in God's justice and providence. But how hard it is to reconcile justice and mercy! How hard to understand the connection between special and general providences! The science of history will show us God's actual dealings with men, — what justice and providence mean in this world. The soul not only needs light and knowledge, but it needs also the awe of mystery. For mystery, the Church gives us mysteries. For that great mystery which fills the soul with awe, it gives us riddles which we cannot guess. Science gives us true mystery. There cannot be true mystery except by the side of knowledge. To the savage, nothing is mysterious, because nothing is known. Only when one has begun to know, does one feel the majesty and awe of the unknown. Science takes man from his self-complacent isolation, and lifts about him the shadow of a mysterious nature. We know what awe there is in seeing a man in the midst of a forest, dwarfed by the giant trees; or in some vast cathedral, where he seems lost in the presence of such sublimity. This does science do when it places man in the shadow of this great cathedral of nature, — in the shadow of the ancient growths of the primeval world.

Revelation has been the salvation of the world, for it filled with light the hearts of those that were ready for it, and quickened the intuitions of the souls that were hungering for truth. But it forced no one into its fold. Nay, it was itself at the mercy of its believers. If it lifted them up, they

dragged it down. Science will demonstrate the fundamental truths of revelation, and will settle the meaning of it.

The religious intuitions of the soul have been the salvation of the world, but they cannot long be its only rest. Faith in them alone forms only a resting-place in the soul's march. They need outward guides. They need some common force which shall control individual eccentricity, and correct individual inertia or prejudice. A man will not rest long in the simple utterance, "It is true, because I know it is true." He must go on to demonstrate what he knows. And this demonstration science is beginning.

If we are Christians we may, then, well be hopeful and fearless ones. We may reckon all things as ours, may know no enemy but sin, and hail every result of earnest thought, not as complete in itself, but as one of the steps up which the aspiring race shall mount to grander heights.

In conclusion we would remark, that the work of Spencer referred to is not mainly theological, but will present the latest and broadest generalizations of science. And we would commend to our readers this author, too little known among us, as at once one of the clearest of teachers and one of the wisest and most honorable of opponents.

ART. III. — ALTERATION OF HYMNS.

Hymns and Choirs: or, The Matter and the Manner of the Service of Song in the House of the Lord. By AUSTIN PHELPS and EDWARDS A. PARK, Professors at Andover, and DANIEL L. FURBER, Pastor at Newton. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1860. 12mo. pp. 425.

LIKE the *Septem contra Christum* of the "Essays and Reviews," the three authors of the acute and learned treatise on "Hymns and Choirs" disclaim collusion or mutual responsibility. They have each a special department in the triune composition, and neither stands voucher for the views of his associates. Mr. Phelps writes only on "Hymnology, an Expression of the Religious Life," and gives the history, the

classification, and the criterion of fitness of hymns in public worship. Dr. Park confines himself to the *text* of hymns, or rather to *changes* in the text, and sets forth, with extraordinary ingenuity, the various causes, methods, and results of the alteration of the sacred songs. Mr. Furber discusses church-music, and tells us what *choirs* are, and what they ought to be. His criticism is more trenchant than that of his associates, and his suggestions are more positive and practical. His part of the volume, too, is less apologetic than that of the Andover Professors. The ulterior purpose of the volume is evidently to vindicate the Andover hymn-book, and to defend it against the attacks of unfriendly reviewers. How far these attacks were just we cannot say, having seen neither the book itself nor the strictures upon it. But we suppose, as in the war of the Dictionaries, local prejudices and personal interests have a large share in the quarrel. Fortunately, in the case of the hymn-books, there are so many claimants and rivals in the field, that the contest cannot be narrowed to a prolonged and tiresome duel. There are many alternatives; and he who must choose between Webster or Worcester need not take the hymn-book either of New York, or New Haven, or Andover, but may reject the whole, and make one for himself, if he choose, with all the latest improvements. The field is free.

This liberty of hymn-book making is one of which our Unitarian connection has availed itself to a remarkable degree. The centrifugal force so much lamented among us is more manifest in this way than in any other. Whatever unity there may be in the *spirit* of our religious song, no one can accuse the Unitarian body of liturgical uniformity. Each effort to realize the liturgical idea only increases the diversity. It is probable that no sect, in proportion to its numbers and its age, ever produced so many hymn-books as the Unitarians of America. With less than three hundred churches in its connection, the Unitarian body has probably more hymn-books than the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian bodies united. In a ministry of less than twenty years, we have found and used in the pulpits of Unitarian churches no less than *eighteen* different collections of hymns, of American compilation;

and if to these are added the separate collections for the use of Sunday-schools, Conference-meetings, and domestic services, the number will probably be more than doubled. Two or three of these collections have gone out of use. Belknap's ancient volume is known no longer; Dabney's has disappeared; and Sewall would hardly recognize his didactic intention in the fervid lyrics which have intruded so thickly among his rhymed Christian ethics. But at least a score of different books, in the Unitarian churches of England and America, continue to direct and interpret the song of the sanctuary.

These different collections are not, of course, wholly unlike. They have many hymns in common. Some hymns will probably be found in all of them, and a few perhaps be found in all with the same form, the same stanzas, the same lines, and the same words. This number, however, we think, is small. Of a collection like the Cheshire, containing in all nine hundred and eight hymns, not a dozen, we might almost say not half a dozen, can be found in all the other collections with exactly the same length and the same words. Each collection will have some hymns not found in any of the others; and each collection will have some common hymns which it has ventured to alter, either in length, style, or doctrine. Even where a new collection professes, as in the case of those in use in the West Church in Boston, and in All-Souls' Church in New York, to be only a new edition of a book long used there, it is in reality a new compilation, different in tone and compass, not less than in particulars more radical. In vain, in many of the collections, do we look for favorite hymns; and, good as many seem in occasional use, probably no one of this score of hymn-books is quite satisfactory to any pastor, unless he was himself its maker, and has in it pride or copyright.

There are advantages as well as disadvantages in this variety of hymn-books. We do not propose to discuss either at this time, but only to say some words on what is the most provoking annoyance in this diversity, — the alteration and the mutilation of hymns; the topic which Professor Park has considered with such fulness. The question of right and wrong, in regard to this alteration, the Professor does not answer as

clearly as he states it; and, in fact, he leaves us at the end of his twenty-four sections rather in doubt concerning his view of the morality of the process. His last conclusion, that "the original text should be maintained, unless there are imperative reasons for abandoning it," is very reasonable; but, unfortunately, he allows so much latitude to individual judgment, that very slight preferences may claim to be "imperative reasons." The example of his own "Sabbath Hymn-Book" permits changes in many ways; and he is able to show a multitude of necessities which compel improvement upon the original text. One kind of change, very frequent and very important, he hardly touches in his survey,—where the *doctrine* of the hymn is altered. He might plead, in excuse for the omission, that he wrote for the Orthodox, and not for any heretical body.

It is not, perhaps, easy to lay down any general and unvarying principle concerning the alteration of hymns. The exceptions will be numerous enough to spoil the rule; and the antecedent difficulty of determining the true text of hymns long in use makes it almost impossible rigidly to observe any rule. Few who have not made the attempt are aware how perplexing is the task of verifying the original words even of the best-known sacred lyrics. It is not the text of the old books, in use half a century ago, which is to decide the question, for this custom of changing the text is not of recent date. It has even, like most abuses and evils, a Biblical sanction. King David has also to answer for this sin, unless we suppose the Second Book of Samuel to be posterior to the composition of the eighteenth Psalm, in which case the sin belongs to the compiler of that volume. The copyist, in either case, has taken numerous liberties with the original text, and there are discrepancies in idea as well as in word. So, too, the fourteenth and fifty-third Psalms, identical in most of their phrases, differ in the important particular of the name of Deity, and of the spirit and work assigned to Deity. The one is a Jehovistic, the other an Elohist Psalm. Assuming the fourteenth, where God is called "Jehovah," and is said to be the "refuge" of the wretched, to be of earlier date than the fifty-third, where God is called "Elohim," and

is said to "mock" evil-doers, it is evident that the borrower here took the liberty of adapting the earlier Psalm to his own idea and exigency. Other instances of similar alteration may be found in passages of the Psalms, as in the seventieth, borrowed from the fortieth, where the name of God is changed, and in the one hundred and eighth, borrowed from the fifty-seventh, where "Adonai" becomes "Jehovah."

With such Biblical authority, the alteration of hymns seems warranted from the start. Shall we err in following the example of the first writers of sacred song? Have we not David as an advocate here as much as in his cursings, which in our war season are found so fit and convenient? And can we wonder that the first hymnists of the Church felt that they might safely, in their rhymed paraphrases, adjust Scripture to the needs of the age, or that the later Reformers, in their translation of these Greek and Latin chants, should add new "improvements"? This habit of alteration is of long standing, and has fastened itself not only to translations and paraphrases, but to new impressions of verses comparatively recent. One who should undertake to edit a critical edition of Dr. Watts would find himself, in the mass of various readings, hardly less embarrassed than Tischendorf among his New-Testament manuscripts. We have known a whole evening to be spent in discussing the original words of one of Montgomery's lines, with no one of the dozen disputants any wiser at the end. And who shall verify the primitive lines of that large class of hymns, comprehended by the mysterious and baffling title of "Anonymous"? Who shall tell the true reading of these stanzas, which, so far as we can know, "happened" into being, and never had an author,—these foundlings of sacred literature, which can show their parentage by no trace of likeness? In half, perhaps in two thirds, of the favorite and familiar hymns, that which is supposed to be the true reading has been changed from the text as originally printed; and to go back to the original would seem profanation. When the Missionary Hymn of Heber was printed in the "Sabbath Hymn-Book," from the original manuscript, with so small a change as the word "shall" to "can," the editors were compelled to restore the "shall" in a second

edition. It had always been sung "shall," and the custom of the choir refuted conclusively the manuscript of the author. In fixing what the line of a hymn *has been* so long, custom fixes what it *ought* to be, and so, by inference, what it was.

With these difficulties in the way, the rules which apply to the alteration of hymns are rather negative than positive. We may say when hymns ought not to be altered, rather than how far they may be. And we are disposed to suggest as a rule of this negative kind, that a hymn should not be changed when the change loses, or weakens or perverts, the idea of the original, — when that which was the motive of the hymn, its ground tone, its leading thought, or its peculiar beauty, is interfered with. Such a change as this is unjustifiable, in whatever way it is made, or for whatever reason, — whether to meet the convenience of worship, or the altered sentiment of the age or the Church, — whether by omission, addition, or substitution. No compiler has the right to make his hymns say more than they at first said, or less than they at first said, and still attach to them the name of their author; nor has he the right to use the hymns of well-known authors in this way, even if he leaves off the name altogether. It would, on some accounts, be better if no names of authors were given in our hymn-books, — if each hymn were left to commend itself by its own merit, and only such as have sterling merit were inserted. There is no advantage for purposes of worship in knowing who wrote the words which we sing. But with or without the names of the authors, the substance of the composition must be correctly rendered. Nobody knows who wrote the letters of Junius; yet we should not have the right to cite Junius in these pages, altering the words to suit our convenience. The leading ideas, images, and rhythm must remain, after the alteration. Dr. Watts, it is said, died an Arian, but that is no reason for changing all his hymns to suit the Arian hypothesis, any more than for amending the "Paradise Lost" to suit the theology of Milton's "Christian Doctrine." The hymn must stand by its own doctrine, not by the changed opinions of its author. We must take its idea as it was given to the world. It is no excuse to plead that you only indicate the base of this form, and tell where its first appearance

was; — that it was soda at first, though it may have gone through successive changes of carbonate, sulphate, and phosphate, and it is soda still, however unrecognizable in taste or in color. That process will not apply to the indication of the base of hymns. The first form is the characteristic form, and any substantial departure from this destroys the original substance, and has no claim to the credit of the first name.

This loss of the idea of a hymn by its alteration may be illustrated by instances from the collections extensively used in our churches. We will take the Cheshire collection, not because it is more faulty than others in this respect, but because it is so good, has such wide popularity, and its many merits are so generally acknowledged. The 297th of this collection is that beautiful hymn of Beddome, beginning, "Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light." In the second stanza of this hymn, the author has used the vision of the Apocalypse, of the book with its seals, to explain his thought of the *revelation* of the Divine "Word." His lines repeat the very words of the sacred writer. As originally given, the stanza runs, —

"To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy Word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals."

In the Cheshire collection this stanza is changed, so as to read, —

"To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy *words* reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
Make me delight to do thy will."

By this change, it will be seen, is lost both the idea of "spiritual teaching" and its unity, conveyed in the expression, "thy Word" (an expression which binds Scripture as a whole), and the entire comparison of the opening of the mystic book. A new idea, of *delight in doing the will of God*, is introduced, breaking the connection of the thought here and the thought in the next stanza. As amended, the stanza not only loses its idea, but its dignity, — becomes feeble, and almost trivial. It is a flagrant injustice to fasten such a per-

version to the name of the author. But this is hardly worse than the change in the third stanza. As it was written, it ran, —

“Thine inward teachings make me know!
The mysteries of redeeming Love;
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above,” —

sustaining so the elevation of the thought, and giving intimation of the result to come from the unfolding of the book. The collection before us changes the punctuation, so that the prayer becomes the dry statement of a fact in metaphysics, and makes other verbal amendments which spoil the euphony, not less than the full significance of the lines: —

“Thine inward teachings make me know
The *wonders* of redeeming love,
The *vanity* of things below,
And excellence of things above.”

According to the author, these *are* the “inward teachings,” which the Spirit is urged to communicate. According to the new version, spiritual teachings “make men know” these details, these “wonders,” this “vanity” and “excellence.” If the improver had wished to break up the solemnity of the hymn, he could not have done it more effectually than by thrusting in this sage remark. Nor is this all. In the fourth stanza the author gave a fine conception of the bewilderment of the soul, moving on in darkness and uncertainty, going hither and thither, and of the source of light and deliverance: —

“While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.”

The improver alters “dubious maze,” to “dubious *paths*,” in which there would seem to be less danger of *straying*; and here, where an indicative is required to tell the result of the Divine illumination, in disclosing dangers before unseen, and protecting the soul against them, we have the change to an imperative, which solicits the Spirit to disclose the dangers and grant the guidance. In all three of these stanzas, the

force of the original is changed, and they are virtually something else than they were. We might add to these the alteration in the first stanza, in which the idea of the Spirit, as the "Source of light," is dropped, and we have instead the epithet "Heavenly," to be repeated in the next stanza in another connection.

An instance of loss of the original idea in another kind is found in the 186th hymn of the Cheshire collection. This is meant to be received as that favorite Wesleyan hymn beginning, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." But we cannot accept it in this new garb, beginning, "Father, Refuge of my soul." It is an address to a different person, and though after this first line every word of the two hymns should be identical, they would still be different,—one being addressed to God, and the other to Christ. It may be said, that, as Wesley believed that God and Christ are one, we make no change in his thought by substituting one name for the other; and that, moreover, the favor here asked of Christ, and the powers assigned to him, belong equally to the Father. But how would it do to carry out the principle, and substitute, in all hymns where the name of the Saviour is mentioned, the name of the Father, if the work specified will allow it? Might we not in that way lose the name of Christ utterly from our collections? The truth is, however, that it is not the Father that is addressed in this hymn. It is the mediator, *Jesus*, that is addressed, whose human nearness is to support the soul by sympathy. The hymn really separates Jesus from the Father, and makes him the means of bringing the soul to the Father, and accomplishing its reconciliation. Jesus is to work upon it such miracle as he wrought in his earthly life. When the hymn was written, there was doubtless in the mind of the writer the thought of the Saviour rescuing those afrighted mariners on the Lake of Galilee. The imagery, indeed, is partly of the ninety-first Psalm, where Jehovah is spoken of as strength and refuge, and the shadow of his wing as protection; but to the composer that Psalm was Messianic. To adapt the hymn to its new reading, the improver has to make radical changes in the lines of the third stanza, which leave out what is essential to its unity, and insert ideas which

it does not hold. We give the original and the improved version in parallel columns : —

ORIGINAL.	IMPROVED.
"Thou, O Christ, art all I want ; More than all in thee I find : Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee ; Spring thou up within my heart ; Rise to all eternity."	"Thou, O God, art all I want, <i>Boundless love, through Christ, I find :</i> Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee ; <i>Reign, O Lord, within my heart,</i> <i>Reign to all eternity."</i>

To say nothing of the mixture of metaphor, in which the "fountain" is to "reign," allowable only as a bad pun, we see here how the idea of the Divine redundancy of Christ's help is lost in the improvement. And if "God" is all that is wanted, then there is no need of any "boundless love in Christ." The greater comprehends the less. This alteration is a striking instance of the difficulties which any change in the ground idea of a hymn is sure to bring. The necessity of dispensing with "Jesus," the "*lover*" of the soul, has betrayed the editor unwittingly into these inconsistencies.

An example of a different kind may be found in the improved version of Sir Henry Wotton's hymn, the 876th of the Cheshire collection. In all the hymn-books that we have seen, this hymn has undergone alterations ; and the homeliness of some of its lines may seem to require such alterations. But the changes in the second and fourth stanzas introduce ideas which are not in the original, and alter its sentiments. Wotton, the wily and accomplished Venetian ambassador, was not the man to treat secular life with contempt, or to speak like a Puritan of the "vain world." The lines,

"Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath,"

mean something less, perhaps, but certainly something other, than the lines,

"Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame or private breath."

In the first case they express only self-reliance and indepen-

dence, while in the other they show a morbid asceticism. So in the fourth stanza, the lines,

“ And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend,”

if not very dignified, at any rate fit very well to the quiet sentiment of the poem. Can we say as much for the lines which the improver has substituted, —

“ To crave for less and more obey,
Nor dare with Heaven’s high will contend ”?

There is no question in the poem of contest with the Divine will. It is only told how one best gets along with the world, and becomes master of his condition. The poem deals with the earthly, and not with the heavenly, relations of man. The change of these lines which we find in most collections, —

“ And walk with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend,” —

is a less manifest departure from the thought of the writer, and will probably seem to most readers more appropriate in the sanctuary. The fact, nevertheless, that this fine poem must lose one of its stanzas, and suffer such alterations, to make it fit for use in worship, proves that it does not really belong in the hymn-book. It is rather to be classed with such didactic chants as the “*Integer Vitæ*,” than with songs of devotion. It can be read with more satisfaction than it can be sung.

One more illustration of the change in the idea of a hymn may be found in the 17th of the Cheshire collection. This is the well-known hymn of Watts, “*Welcome, sweet day of rest*,” in part a paraphrase of the eighty-fourth Psalm. The most important change here is in the closing lines. As Watts wrote them, they were, —

“ My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.”

The idea is, that this meditation of the sanctuary brings and realizes the bliss of the heavenly world ; that it comes in those courts where the “*dear Lord hath been*.” The improved

reading rejects the idea, and implies that we must go elsewhere to find this heavenly joy, —

“ Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.”

It represents the soul, not as enjoying heaven, but as waiting to be called to heaven, in the attitude of expectation, rather than of satisfaction. It is not fair to impute to Watts such a description of the attitude of the worshipper. “Of pleasure and of sin,” too, is not equivalent to the words, “of pleasurable sin.” The one expression implies that “sin” and “pleasure” have the same moral character; the other only describes a *kind* of sin, sin that gives pleasure. There may be “pleasure” which is not sin, — this is hardly included in the contrast of the hymn.

These examples will suffice to show in what ways a hymn may be so modified that its idea shall be lost. We could give much more striking examples of the doctrinal alterations of hymns, where a very prominent orthodoxy has been softened quite out of sight, — such as the hymn of Toplady, “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,” and the Methodist hymn,

“ Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,” —

in which there appears to be no alternative between utter rejection or radical change. It seems a pity to lose such musical and inspiring songs, yet it were more honest to discard them, if we cannot bear or risk their bold Calvinism. When a hymn was originally written to lament native depravity, or to celebrate the vicarious atonement, it is not easy to force the dignity of human nature or the free grace of God into its verses. They will have always a fatal awkwardness and incoherency, which betrays that they are not genuine. We should know at once of a stanza like this, that it is a dilution: —

“ Agonizing in the garden,
Blessed Jesus prostrate lies;
On the bloody cross behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
‘ It is finished!’
Sinner! will not this suffice?”

This is very different from the spectacle of God dying on the cross, the "Maker," and the "Lord of glory," which the original gives us.

Cases may sometimes occur where the original hymn, in its version of the language of Scripture, really misapprehended the meaning of the Scriptural comparison. In such cases, a restoration of the Scriptural idea, if it can be made without violence to the rhythm, would seem justifiable. Corrections of this kind, however, are seldom made. We have not seen any improvement of the hymn of Watts,

"How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,"

which has attempted to restore the idea of Isaiah, that the *swift running* makes the feet of the messengers beautiful, and not their standing on Mount Zion. Nor have the changes in that other hymn, in which Watts confounds the incongruous scenes of the Baptism and the first Christian Pentecost, touched this patent falsification of Scripture in asking a "Dove" to "kindle a flame." The critics have altered the line, "*Lie* at this dying rate," which is very expressive, to "*Live* at this dying rate," which is far less exact, but have allowed the confusion of Scriptural metaphor to remain. So, too, the hymn of Campbell's collection,

"Supreme in wisdom as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands,"

is left quite uncorrected, though personal attributes are ascribed to this rock, not only quite foreign to its nature, but quite different from any ascribed to it by Isaiah, or by Paul in his letter to the Corinthians. Where correction would be most important, and would be a restoration of Scripture, it has been strangely neglected. That fine comparison in the New-Year's hymn of Newton (after the 90th Psalm), of the years spent "as a tale is told," is lost, along with the rhyme, by the alteration, "And, when life's short race is run"; while the hymn by Heber, of the *lily* growing by "*cool Siloam's shady rill*," which has no warrant in Scripture, or in the natural history of Palestine, has met with no amendment. Where alteration of the text seems most justifiable, it has not been attempted.

We have said that a hymn should not be altered when its *idea* is lost by the process. Another negative rule is, that it should not be altered when its form is essentially changed, so as seriously to affect its musical expression, or vitiate its rhyme. In the instance just noticed, of the "tale that is told" being changed to "the race that is run," the rhyme is lost. "Old" rhymes with "told," but "young" does not rhyme with "run." A hymn is often so inseparably joined to a peculiar tune, as "Old Hundred," or "Jordan," or "Brattle Street," or "Amsterdam," or "America," that a change, very slight and unimportant to the meaning, may derange the musical emphasis, and render the whole composition trivial. The omission of an epithet in the alternate lines will change a hymn in long metre to a hymn in common metre; and the insertion of an epithet will reverse the process. But if the hymn be a familiar one, in either case the process is sure to be injurious. The balance and proportion of the hymn are lost. Still more injurious is the process of changing a hymn in common metre to a hymn in short metre, though it is but the omission of two syllables from the first line of each stanza. Some of the words omitted will be words which could not be spared. Sometimes, too, the omission of a single letter weakens the verse, as in the case of the line,

"Love divine, all love excelling,"

where "loves" is usually changed to "love." Many of the changes which have been made in hymns have been made, doubtless, in deference to the wishes and complaints of choirs; the chorister has dictated to the compiler, and the author has been abused because his couplets were not measured according to the tune-books. Yet we hazard nothing in saying that the "improvements" in hymns have not generally improved them for musical purposes. The verbal alterations of Merrick's hymn, "Author of good, we rest on thee," (numbered 450 in the Cheshire collection,) have not made it any better for the use of song. It is as easy to sing the words "fond desires" as "vain desires"; and the line, "From the dross of guilt refined," is more adapted to music than the incorrect comparison, "From the *stains* of guilt refined," which has

been substituted for it. The line in Cowper's hymn, "*She communes with her God*," has been criticised, as requiring for musical expression a change of the natural accent; but we have seen no change which has not added new difficulties to its musical rendering. It is the fact, that hymns which are smooth as you read them are not always the easiest to sing; nor does the removal of their apparent ruggedness give them a more pleasant flow in the succession of notes. That alliteration which makes a charm in the sound of the hymn when read, is a serious annoyance when music must pronounce it. Indeed, rhetorical expedients usually deface the verses on which they are tried. No improved edition of Watts will compare with the original for the purpose of song, whatever it may add of dignity, neatness, vigor, or enlightened faith.

These observations might be largely extended, and other negative rules suggested. We should be glad, too, to cull, from the long catalogue of altered hymns which Professor Park exhibits, some amusing and curious specimens. There is one hint which he gives, which has often occurred to us, of the unfitness of *quotation* in hymns from the words of the Deity or of the Saviour. Indeed, a hymn ought never to have in it, as we think, a passage marked as quotation. If it use Scripture language, this ought to be assimilated to the text, and incorporated with it. A hymn is the song of men to God, and it ought not to be a transfer of human ideas to the Divine mind and lips. To choirs, quotations in a hymn are always embarrassing. A change in the expression seems necessary, yet the tunes make no provision for any such change. However beautiful such sacred poems may be, they should be rigidly excluded from the hymn-books, certainly when the quotation covers whole stanzas. It would require not much alteration to remove the appearance of quotation from that sweet hymn of Hawes, "From the cross uplifted high." Yet as it stands now in the books, it is an annoyance rather than a treasure.

We shall not discuss the question of greater or less number, which seems to be connected with the alteration of hymns. Some believe that a small collection, 200 or 300 at most, will contain all the hymns which are fit for practical

use. Others affirm that the number ought to be large, and that 1,000 is not too many. We believe that one of the Orthodox collections has upwards of 1,500. Now, it is said that a large number of hymns cannot be adapted to worship in our churches without many changes. The false doctrine must be pressed out from them. There must not be idolatry in any form, — must not be worship of Jesus more than of Mary, or of saints and martyrs. Our Unitarian brethren in England are vigorously disputing this point, and Dr. Beard sees superstition in the forms of apostrophe which Mr. Martineau allows. How can we get 500 or 1,000 hymns on the various themes of Christian experience and instruction, which shall not contradict our cherished opinions, unless we largely modify their phrase? Shall we refute, in the praises of the sanctuary, the creed of the altar or the arguments of the pulpit? Those who think a few hymns enough, find this an evidence in their behalf, that many hymns involve many changes. Yet we believe that, in the scanty collections, the proportion of altered hymns will be found to be larger than in the redundant collections. It is in the indispensable hymns that doctrinal errors seem most to be taught or implied. We believe that a large collection, which gives ample room for choice, is better than the choicest small collection. Though there are only a few hymns, perhaps not more than a hundred, which ministers use very often, yet the largest collection does not supply all that are wished for occasional use. There are some subjects for which, even in the largest collection, no appropriate hymn has been provided. With the best hymn-book, that Saturday evening duty to which ministers are inevitably summoned, at home and abroad, is perplexing, vexatious, and often desperate. The subjects which rarely come up in the sanctuary are superfluously cared for in the book of songs, while the standard topics are often most sparingly provided. The same book which gives us four hymns for the "death of a pastor" (an event, in these days of ministerial change, of comparatively rare occurrence) sets only one hymn to the theme of "Patience," a very frequent topic of pulpit discourse, in times like these. There will be a dozen hymns for Sunday schools in the Church collection, where none are needed, and

only one hymn for "Conscience," where many are needed. No collection was ever large enough for the wants of a ten years' ministry. In the fourteen years that we have used the Cheshire collection, we find that we have given out in public worship more than 800 of the 908 hymns. Too many are always better than too few. The best hymn-book would perhaps be one constructed in two parts (something on the plan of the Boston Public Library); one part containing only the standard hymns, to the number of one or two hundred, which everybody likes, which everybody seeks, and the genuine text of which is fully settled; the other part containing hymns for occasional use of every variety of theme, concerning which there may be difference of taste and opinion. This arrangement would save to ministers infinite trouble, and in no way hinder the symmetry of the volume. All our industry in hymn-book making has not yet produced any model collection, or any which has been accepted and retained even by a majority of our churches. Criticism has always failed, as our fault-finding in this paper will probably fail, to reduce or lighten this toil of Sisyphus.

ART. IV.—AFTER ICEBERGS WITH A PAINTER.

After Icebergs with a Painter: a Summer Voyage to Labrador and around Newfoundland. By REV. LOUIS L. NOBLE, Author of the "Life of Cole," "Poems," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1861.

MR. CHURCH is fortunate in his friends. A few years ago we had in Boston "The Heart of the Andes," with a descriptive pamphlet by Theodore Winthrop, a companion of those South American travels which had resulted in the picture; now comes "The North" in its chill splendor, accompanied by a book from the artist's friend and fellow-voyager, the Rev. Louis L. Noble, — another Ruskin in enthusiasm and feeling for beauty.

"After Icebergs" is less a description of Church's work

than complementary to it; and as necessary to its full enjoyment, as sunlight to an iceberg. It gives that human element the lack of which is felt by many who most cordially admire "The North." The sunshine which streamed over "The Heart of the Andes" fell on a wayside cross where human figures were resting;—there were paths worn by human feet, vines clambered and clung, the river dashed almost audibly over the rocks, and the trill of bird-songs almost reached us from amid high boughs. In the "Niagara," Nature herself is impersonated as a great, wild, passionate, yearning soul, that plunges on headlong to escape constraint; and the conquest is achieved, and the rainbow-hued aureole descends in recognition of her valor. But "The North" is an utter, chill solitude; no forces are here save gravitation, cold, color, light. Uncaring, the ice-mountain wheels down to its doom; unresisting, it dissolves and disintegrates, resigning its beauty with an indifference as chill and stolid as its substance. The very ocean is passive, the waves goad themselves into no rage of resistance as among rocks, but eddy and slip along the icy shallows as if all feeling were chilled out of them.

Imagine an artist straying alone to this frigid solitude; with a crew of fishermen embarking in an oily craft, and, seasick and forlorn, chasing the soul of cold in its caves! Minds like flints must be struck together to kindle the fine flame of enthusiasm which culminates in works of genius; and when one, with rapture akin to his own, is eager to lead the artist on, to help measure the depth of emerald arch and height of glittering pinnacle, to find a synonyme for the sheen of icy surface and lustre of rounding wave, to cast out nets for beauty and hold its rainbow-rings in both upraised, delighted hands, while the limner paints,—*il changé tout cela*.

To the fact of such companionship the book of Mr. Noble amply testifies. He relates that during the summer of 1859 he accompanied Church on an expedition to make studies for a picture of icebergs. They coasted along the shores of Newfoundland, and eventually, chartering a schooner, penetrated as far north as Labrador. Of this little voyage the world has record in two works which it will not soon let die, "The

North," and "After Icebergs"; which will not let each other die, for each illuminates each. The picture selects and fuses together the delicate, changeful splendors of the book, even as with curious art it fuses the scattered sketches from half a score of bergs, engraved among the writer's pages, into the crags and spires of one. And the book tells the whole history and inspiration of the picture.

Here, then, we have our human element. We gaze at the painting with new eyes, now it is seen as a record of gladsome adventure, and haunted everywhere by the personality of poet and artist. We know how they looked up with awe at the toppling crags of opal,—looked out at the still ocean-floor, which was to them as the sea of glass of the Apocalypse. We feel their thrill of horror, as with a crash the berg explodes, and the whole awful mass overturns, dashing spray to the heavens and stirring ocean to its depths. We see them with checked breath watch the flight of shadows and delicate hues, and vainly search the brain for imitative words, and the palette for imitative colors. We see them peer in at the green arch, while rainbows enhalo them, and they smile, childlike, accepting their crown. They have heaped their little bark with the fanciful sculpture of the sea;—their drinking-cup and giant elk-horns, carved of ice to whose compactness and cold the ice of New England is but chilled air. They have quarried boat-loads from blocks of jasper, chrysophrase, and pearl, and as it dissolved drank the President's health and ours "in the transparent vintage of Greenland."

In book as in picture there is an "out-dooriness," an airiness, a fine delight in nature, a zest like that in Mr. King's descriptions of White Mountain scenery: we are not discoursed to, but led on; we sail under the cold green rocking arch of the iceberg; we trace ourselves its fire-edged spires against the sunset sky; our hearts leap up at the ineffable beauty of its shadows and breathing hues; rainbows, cool from the ice, flicker past our brows, and the dark sea circles around us, polishing its purple sheen against the ice.

Who ever thought of looking northward for beauty! It was a wild and original attempt, like Dante's when he would

make a poem of Hell. A region of ice-bound, desolate rocks, inhabited mainly by seals and gluttonous wild fowl, and whose flowers should only be made of frost, its cascades congeal into glaciers;—yet our two poets wonder that they who have time to spare do not leave hackneyed Newport and Saratoga, and choose game, health, and picturesqueness among the stony coasts and ice-cathedrals which awaken their delight.

Very lonely in its grandeur is this northeastern coast of our continent: a forsaken place, says our author, “if that can be called forsaken which never was possessed,”—with abrupt stone-worn cliffs, and deep caves hollowed by ocean, and into whose silence the surf beats, rebounds, and reverberates with a sound like the slamming of doors, like the boom of cannon. Rather than Newport loungers, we could imagine the ghosts of Giotto and Dante exploring such grim solitudes. Even our present voyagers seem as out of place as the flowers they find at Labrador. It is the skeleton, the mummy, of a country. The coast-rocks run miles inland, bare or thinly overspread with brownish moss, and often wholly uninhabited. No smoke from household fires, no beckoning woods, no herds save the seals and their young fattening on the ice-float, and schools of whales at play, that dip and toss like lifeless timber in the clear deeps,—and this is summer! At wide intervals are found chapels of the English Church, with a few small houses of fishermen scattered near. The Bishop, a literal “fisher of men,” visits these stations, forty in number, in a ship appointed for the purpose. We are reminded of the monks of old,—of Xavier, St. Francis of Assisi, and a hundred others who went to rescue Moor and Indian from barbarism,—as we read of cultivated men who, for the sake of a few humble souls, have banished themselves for life to this rocky wilderness. Among the missionaries our travellers find hospitality and genial companionship; they fall in with the Bishop, and a young minister who is Wordsworth’s nephew; and they discourse of art and letters. “As we are, we see!” Send Gabriel on an errand to the Pit,—lo, he meets Raphael or Uriel on the way, and they take sweet counsel together.

About Newfoundland the shoreward cliffs in places rise per-

pendicularly three or four hundred feet above the water, and their stratifications being up and down, and distinctly marked in stripes, as if they were great stone fences, the effect of height is still increased ; below are vast Roman arches and pyramidal caves, into whose gloom the waves pour and lose themselves ; and there are long rocky reaches, out of whose solid front the ocean has cut doorways and windows, till they are Phœnician tombs, — sealed and silent. At the island of Fogo the headlands are “exceedingly attractive, lofty, finely-broken, of a red and purplish brown,” and their wild crags open to constant surprises of new scenery. At Cape St. John the weird grandeur of the coast is beyond description.

“It is a black, jagged wall, often four, and even five hundred feet in height, with a five-mile front, and the deep sea close in to the rock, without a beach, and almost without a foothold. This stupendous, natural wharf stretches back into the southwest toward the mainland, widening very little for twenty miles or more, dividing the large expanse of White Bay on the west from the larger expanse of Notre Dame Bay on the east and south, the fine *Ægean*, before mentioned, with its multitudinous islands, of which we get not the least notion from any of our popular maps.” — pp. 121, 122.

Among these rocks quiet is never known ; the wild surf springs up against the precipices, and the great Baffin current sweeps past with terrible force and velocity. “To be wrecked here with all gentleness would be pretty sure destruction. In a storm, the chance of escape would be about the same as in the rapids of Niagara.”

“The coast of Labrador is the edge of a vast solitude of rocky hills, split and blasted by the frosts, and beaten by the waves of the Atlantic, for unknown ages. Every form into which rocks can be washed and broken is visible along its almost interminable shores. A grand headland, yellow, brown, and black, in its horrid nakedness, is ever in sight, one to the north of you, one to the south. Here and there upon them are stripes and patches of pale green, — mosses, lean grasses, and dwarf shrubbery. Occasionally, miles of precipice front the sea, in which the fancy may roughly shape all the structures of human art, castles, palaces, and temples. Imagine an entire side of Broadway piled up solidly, one, two, three hundred feet in height, often more, and exposed to the charge of the great Atlantic rollers, rushing into the

churches, halls, and spacious buildings, thundering through the doorways, dashing in at the windows, sweeping up the lofty fronts, twisting the very cornices with snowy spray, falling back in bright green scrolls and cascades of silvery foam. And yet, all this imagined, can never reach the sentiment of these precipices." — pp. 150, 151.

"In fact, this whole coast, a thousand miles or more, is built up, rather torn down, on the most stupendous scale — vast and shattered — terrifically rough — tumult and storm all in horrid stone. It would well pay the painter of the coast scenery to spend a fall and winter upon these shores. The breaking of the waves upon such rocks as these must be an astonishing spectacle of power and fury. The charge and the retreat of billows upon slopes of rock so torn and shattered, for miles and miles at the same moment, Mr. Hutchinson repeatedly declares, is one of the most brilliant and imposing sights on earth. While C—— is painting, I have been writing these periods, and clambering the mossy cliffs for plants and flowers." — p. 201.

Landing at Battle Island to pass the long, light evening, for it is daylight at ten P. M., they are surprised by finding the rocks abloom with flowers, in a lavish profusion and exquisite beauty they never saw at home, and breathing a delicate odor, "that steals upon the sense with indescribable tenderness."

"Remember that nature here blooms, beautifies, and bears for the entire year, in a few short weeks. We are in the very flush of that transient and charming time. Believe me, when I speak of the plants and flowers, shrubbery and mosses. At this moment, the rocky isle, bombarded by the ocean, and flayed by the sword of the blast for months in the year, is a little paradise of beauty. There are fields of mossy carpet that sinks beneath the foot, with beds of such delicate flowers as one seldom sees." — p. 158.

"Have you thought, as I did, that there are no flowers, or next to none, in Labrador? You might as well have thought that all, or nearly all, the flowers were in Florida. Along the brook-banks under the Catskills, — to me, about the loveliest banks on earth, in the late spring and early summer days, — I have never seen such fairy loveliness as I find here upon this bleak islet, where nature seems to have been playing at Switzerland. Green and yellow mosses, ankle-deep and spotted with blood-red stains, carpet the crags and little vales and cradle-like hollows. Wonderful to behold! flowers, pink and white, yellow, red and blue, are countless as dew-drops, and breathe out upon the pure air that odor, so spirit-like. Such surely was the perfume of

Eden around the footsteps of the Lord, walking among the trees of the garden in the cool of the day. What grounds these, for such souls as write, 'The moss supplicateth for the poet,' and the closing lines of the 'Ode, Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.' The painter, passionately in love with the flowers of the tropics, lay down and rolled upon these soft, sweet beds of beauty with delight. Little gorges and chasms, overhung with miniature precipices, wind gracefully from the summits down to meet the waves, and are filled, where the sun can warm them, with all bloom and sweetness, a kind of wild greenhouse. We run up them, and we run down them, fall upon the cushioned stones, tumble upon their banks of softness as children tumble upon deep feather-beds, and dive into the yielding cradles embroidered with silken blossoms. Willows with a silvery down upon the leaves, willow-trees no larger than fresh lettuce, and the mountain laurel of the size of knitting-needles, with pink flowers to correspond, cluster here and there in patches of a breadth to suit a sleeping child." — pp. 161–163.

Here is an Arctic forest : —

"It is an exquisite curiosity, and must excel the dwarf shrubbery of the Japanese. The little trees — no mere yearlings playing forest — are venerable with moss and lichens, and bear the symbols of suffering and experience. All are well-developed, complete trees, mimicking the forms and the ways of majestic firs. The lower boughs droop with a sad, mournful air, and their pointed tops look up into the sunshine and down upon the minute shrubbery below, with the gloomy repose of dark old pines. It made me laugh. As I waded through the pigmy woods, running my fingers through the loftier tops, as I would run them through the hair of a curly-headed child, and stepping over hills and dales of green forest, I was highly amused, both at the little woodlands and the moral of the thing. Cutting an armful of the sweet-scented branches, and thinking of the children at home as I dinted the mossy pincushions bright as worsted-work all over the ground, I hastened to regain my coat, and get down to the fisherman's. The painter soon came in, when we sat down to an excellent supper of tea and fried salmon, and presently set sail by moonlight." — p. 225.

The brief season of flowers seems only an accident in this strange region, and enhances the gloom by contrast.

"Never, never, in all my life, have I beheld a land like this, the expression and sentiment of which are essentially mournful and melancholy. The sunshine, skies, 'the pomp and circumstance of'

ocean, sweet smells, and sounds, and one's own joyous, healthy feelings, flowing out and washing out as they flow the natural sadness of the soul, cannot take away nor cover up that which really and everlastingly is, and ever will be, namely, the sentiment of mournfulness. Nature here is at a funeral forever, and these beauties, so delicately fashioned, are but flowers in the coffin." — pp. 181, 182.

"There is real beauty on the tawny desert and the wild prairie; but there is to me an awful lonesomeness and gloom in these houseless wastes, where the eye with an insane perverseness will keep looking for cottage smokes and pasture fences. I think of landscapes drying off after the flood." — p. 239.

The author has a gift of outlining, in the fewest words, pictures of great force and suggestiveness. Some of our diffuse rhetoricians might take a lesson from him. Here are instances: —

"The surf, which leaps up with the lightness and rapidity of flames, for many and many a white mile, roars among the sharp, bleak crags of the islands and the coast like mighty cataracts." — p. 95.

Again: —

"It is a coincidence a little curious, that I should have written these periods above, and then have plunged into just the most lonesome little valley in all the world to hit upon a graveyard. But there it was, a gloomy, silent field, enclosed with the merest dry skeleton of a fence, for no purpose to keep a creature out where no creature is, but just to make a scratch around the few narrow beds where the dead repose, unpraised and unnamed, under the lightest possible covering of dust, as undisturbed as in the deeps of the Atlantic." — p. 182.

Here is the pleasance of Bridget Kennedy! —

"..... looking over upon the good woman's garden, the merest spot of black, in which there is nothing but soil slightly freckled with vegetation, fenced in with old fish-net to keep out the fowls, and a couple of goats." — pp. 205, 206.

This reminds us of Haydon's "Napoleon at Elba": —

"From the hill-top above me I had a wide prospect of the dark, rough ocean; and of darker and rougher land. Looking westerly, what should I discover but the painter, silent and motionless, looking out from another hill-top? Beyond him, far inland, is a chain of purple mountains, lording it over the surrounding tumult of brown and sterile hills, in the mossy valleys of which, they say, are dwarf woods

of birch and spruce, pretty brooks, and reaches of blue sea-water." —
p. 206.

In a storm, —

"The sea-fowl whirl in the gale like loose plumes and papers, pouring out their wild complaints as they pass."

Look at this sunset view : —

"The sky over the ocean was of great extent, and gave a wonderful breadth and vastness to the water. There was truly 'the face of the deep.' And a most awful, yet a glorious countenance it was, and most exquisitely complexioned, reflecting faintly both the imagery and the hues of heaven, the bright, the purple and the blue, the saffron and the rosy. Belle Isle, with its steep shores reddening with light, lay in the south, lovely to look upon but desolate in reality, and often fatal to the mariner. Looking farther south and southwest, a dark line lay along the sky, — the coast of Newfoundland. I was looking up the straits of Belle Isle. All the sea in that quarter, under the last sunlight, shone like a pavement of amethyst, over which all the chariots of the earth might have rolled, and all its cavalry wheeled with ample room. Wonderful to behold! it was only a fair field for the steeped icebergs, a vast metropolis in ice, pearly white and red as roses, glittering in the sunset. Solemn, still, and half-celestial scene! In its presence, cities, tented fields, and fleets dwindled into toys. I said aloud, but low: 'The City of God! The sea of glass! the plains of heaven!'" —
p. 223.

Of icebergs, their general structure and history, and the particular features of those which our travellers studied, we have full and thrilling accounts. We know not what to select from these rich descriptions; it is like choosing from among all the sunrises since Adam. It needed Church to compile their splendor into one page. As we read, we learn to appreciate both the historical accuracy of his work and the difficulties which had to be subdued before he could produce "The North," that vision of wonder and beauty, that dreamy lotos of Arctic seas, with a loveliness as strange, penetrating, and ethereal as the fragrance of Arctic flowers. It is a frozen Aurora Borealis, with temples of white dissolving flame, with pillars of pearl, and vanishing wings of angels at its doors, or glowing in the sunset light above. By mere touches of color and form the picture hints how all the separate, scattered

beauty of the world is gathered and heaped confusedly in those lone Northern seas, as if they were Beauty's working-room and studio, where she plans her Parthenons and "Peter's domes," and models with sure, quick fingers her oriels and Byzantine columns, her vase-like flowers, and flower-like shells, — yea, stains them with dyes such as they of Tyre knew not. Gothic, Ionic, Corinthian styles, all beauty of texture and surface, all firm-grained Parian waiting underground for its Phidias, all glittering scarfs and satin sheen of Damascus, and velvet of Genoa, — these icebergs, with their lights and shadows, mock them all. And back of book and picture our thoughts are led, to find how like children we are amused and educated in this world. God throws the words down in confusion, and we assort them into epics, and are flattered. We are elated, but the angels smile.

"The story of an iceberg! yes, indeed; and a most wonderful tale would it be, could it be truthfully written. It would run up into, and become lost in the story of the great glaciers of Greenland; the half of which science itself has not learned, profoundly as it has penetrated the mysteries of the Alpine glaciers.

"There are valleys reaching from the interior to the coast, filled with glaciers of great depth and breadth, which move forward with an imperceptible but regular motion. The continent, as one might call Greenland, does not shed the bulk of its central waters in fluid rivers, but discharges them to the ocean in solid, crystalline, slowly progressing streams. They flow, or rather march, with irresistible, mighty force, and far-resounding footsteps, crossing the shore line, a perpetual procession of block-like masses, flat or diversified with hill and hollow on the top, advancing upon the sea until too deeply immersed longer to resist the buoyant power and pressure of the surrounding waters, when they break upwards, and float suspended in the vast oceanic abyss. The van of the glacial host, previously marked off by fissures into ranks, rushes from the too close embrace of its new element, and wheels away, an iceberg, — the glistening planet of the sea, whose mazy, tortuous orbit none can calculate but Him who maps the unseen currents of the main." — p. 242.

"Icebergs! Icebergs! — The cry brought us upon deck at sunrise. There they were, two of them, a large one and a smaller: the latter pitched upon the dark and misty desert of the sea like an Arab's tent; and the larger like a domed mosque in marble of a greenish-white.

The vaporous atmosphere veiled its sharp outlines, and gave it a softened, dreamy, and mysterious character. Distant and dim, it was yet very grand and impressive. Enthroned on the deep in lonely majesty, the dread of mariners and the wonder of the traveller, it was one of those imperial creations of nature that awaken powerful emotions and illumine the imagination. Wonderful structure! Fashioned by those fingers that wrought the glittering fabrics of the upper deep, and launched upon those adamantine ways into the Arctic Seas, how beautiful, how strong and terrible! A glacier slipped into the ocean, and henceforth a wandering cape, a restless headland, a revolving island, to compromise the security of the world's broad highway. No chart, no sounding, no knowledge of latitude avails to fix thy whereabouts, thou roving Ishmael of the sea. No look-out, and no friendly hail or authoritative warning, can cope with thy secrecy or thy silence. Mist and darkness are thy work-day raiment. Though the watchman lay his ear to the water, he may not hear thy coming footsteps.

"We gazed at the great ark of nature's building with steady, silent eyes. Motionless and solemn as a tomb, it seemed to look back over the waves as we sped forward into its grand presence. The captain changed the course of the steamer a few points so as to pass it as closely as possible. C—— was quietly making preparation to sketch it. The interest was momentarily increasing. We were on our way to hunt icebergs, and had unexpectedly come up with the game. We fancied it was growing colder, and felt delighted at the chilly air, as if it had been so much breath fresh from the living ice. To our regret, I may say, to our grief, the fog suddenly closed the view. No drop-curtain could have shut out the spectacle more quickly and more completely. The steamer was at once put on her true course, and the icebergs were left to pursue their solitary way along the misty Atlantic." — pp. 28, 29.

They are continually disappointed and hindered by mists, which arise from the rapid evaporation of the ice. "No jackal was ever more faithful to his lion, no pilot-fish to his shark, than the fog to its berg."

"Delightful change! It is clearing up. The noonday sun is showering the dark ocean, here and there, with the whitest light. And lo! an iceberg on our left. Lo! an iceberg on our right. An iceberg ahead! Yes, two of them! four! — five! — six! — and there, a white pinnacle just pricking above the horizon. Wonderful to behold, there are no less than thirteen icebergs in fair view. We run forward, and then we run aft, and then to this side, and that. We lean towards them over

the railing, and spring up into the shrouds, as if these boyish efforts brought us nearer, and made them plainer to our delighted eyes. With a quiet energy, C—— betakes himself to painting, and I to my note-book." — pp. 82, 83.

"As we approach the bergs, they assume a great variety of forms. Indeed, their changes are quite wonderful. In passing around a single one, we see as good as ten, so Protean is its character. I know of no object in all nature so marvellously sensitive to a steady gaze. Sit motionless and look at one, and, fixtured as it appears, it has its changes then. It marks with unerring faithfulness every condition of atmosphere, and every amount of light and shadow. Thus manifold complexions tremble over it, for which the careless observer may see no reason, and many shapes, heights, and distances swell and shrink it, move it to and from, of which the mind may not readily assign a cause." — pp. 84, 85.

"We dart off a mile or more from our right path, in order to bring a small berg between us and the sun, that we may look into his sunset beauties. A dull cloud, close down upon the waves, may defeat this manœuvre. We shall conquer yet. There, he rises from the sea, a sphinx of pure white against the glowing sky, and every man aboard is as full of fine excitement as if we were to grapple with, and chain him. We pass directly under the great face, the upper line of which overlooks our topmast. Every curve, swell, and depression have the finish of the most exquisite sculpture, and all drips with silvery water as if newly risen from the deep. In the pure, white mass there is the suspicion of green. Every wave, by contrast, and by some optical effect, nearly black as it approaches, is instantly changed into the loveliest green as it rolls up to the silvery, bright ice. And all the adjacent deep is a luminous pea-green. The eye follows the ice into its awful depths, and is at once startled and delighted to find that the mighty crystal hangs suspended in a vast transparency, or floats in an abyss of liquid emerald.

"We pass on the shadow side, soft and delicate as satin, and changeable as costliest silk; the white, the dove color, and the green playing into each other with the subtlety and fleetness of an *Aurora Borealis*. As the light streams over and around from the illuminated side, the entire outline of the berg shines like newly-burnished silver in the blaze of noon. The painter is working with all possible rapidity; but we pass too quick to harvest all this beauty: he can only glean some golden straws. A few sharp words from the captain bring the vessel to, and we pause long enough for some finishing touches. He has them, and we are off again." — pp. 99, 100.

"It is a wonderfully magnificent sight to see an almost black wave roll against an iceberg, and instantly change in its entire length, hundreds of feet, into that delicate green. Where the swell strikes obliquely, it reaches high, and runs along the face, sweeping like a satellite of loveliness in merry revolutions round its glittering orb. Like cumulous clouds, icebergs are perpetually mimicking the human face. This fine crystal creature, by a change in our position, becomes a gigantic bust of poet or philosopher, leaning back and gazing with a fixed placidity into the skies. In the brilliant noon, portions of it glisten like a glassy waterfall. The cold, dead white, the subtle greens, the blues, shadows of the softest slate, all contrast with the flashing brightness in a way most exquisite to behold." — pp. 118, 119.

"We are bearing up under the big berg as closely as we dare. To our delight, what we have been wishing, and watching for, is actually taking place: loud explosions with heavy falls of ice, followed by the cataract-like roar, and the high, thin seas, wheeling away beautifully crested with sparkling foam. If it is possible, imagine the effect upon the beholder. This precipice of ice, with tremendous cracking, is falling toward us with a majestic and awful motion. Down sinks the long water-line into the black deep; down go the porcelain crags, and galleries of glassy sculptures, a speechless and awful baptism. Now it pauses and returns: up rise sculptures and crags streaming with the shining, white brine; up comes the great, encircling line, followed by things new and strange, crags, niches, balconies, and caves; up, up it rises, higher and higher still, crossing the very breast of the grand ice, and all bathed with rivulets of gleaming foam. Over goes the summit, ridge, pinnacles, and all, standing off obliquely in the opposite air. Now it pauses in its upward roll: back it comes again, cracking, cracking, cracking, 'groaning out harsh thunder' as it comes, and threatening to burst, like a mighty bomb, into millions of glittering fragments. The spectacle is terrific and magnificent. Emotion is irrepressible, and peals of wild hurra burst forth from all." — pp. 125, 126.

What delicate description this is: —

"In these very hollows and depressions is the one feature of which I am speaking. And, after all, what is it? It is simply shadow. Is that all? That is all: only shadow. All the grand façade is one shadow, with a rim of splendor like liquid gold-leaf or yellow flame, but in those depressions is a *deeper* shadow. Shadow under shadow, dove-colored and blue. Thus there seems to be drifting about, in the hollow lurking-places of the dead white, a colored atmosphere, the warmth, softness, and delicate beauty of which no mind can think of

words to express. So subtle is it and evanescent, that recollection cannot recall it when once gone, but by the help of the heart and the feelings, where the spirit of beauty last dies away. You can feel it, after you have forgotten what its complexion precisely is, and from that emotion you may come to remember it. You would remember nothing more beautiful." — p. 172.

"The moments for which we have been waiting are now passing, and the berg is immersed in almost supernatural splendors. The white alpine peak rises out of a field of delicate purple, fading out on one edge into pale sky-blue. Every instant changes the quality of the colors. They flit from tint to tint, and dissolve into other hues perpetually, and with a rapidity impossible to describe or paint. I am tempted to look over my shoulder into the north, and see if the 'merry dancers' are not coming, so marvellously do the colors come and go. The blue and the purple pass up into peach-blow and pink. Now it blushes in the last look of the sun-red blushes of beauty — tints of the roseate birds of the south — the complexion of the roses of Damascus. In this delicious dye it stands embalmed — only for a minute, though; for now the softest dove-colors steal into the changing glory, and turn it all into light and shade on the whitest satin. The bright green waves are toiling to wash it whiter, as they roll up from the violet sea, and explode in foam along the broad alabaster. It hangs before us, with the sea and the sky behind it, like some great robe made in heaven. Where the flowing folds break into marble-like cliffs, on the extreme wings of the berg, an inward green seems to be pricking through a fine straw tint, spangled with gold." — pp. 176, 177.

"Among the incidents of painting the berg, C—— related one of some novelty. It was in deep water, but close to the shore, and so nicely poised that it was evidently standing tiptoe-like on some point, and vibrating largely at every discharge of ice. Near by as it was, he could paint from the shore with security, — a rare chance in summer. A heavier fall than usual from the part fronting the land was followed by correspondingly large vibrations, leaving the berg, after it had settled to rest, leaning toward the sea with new exposures of ice. Among these was an isolated mass resembling a superbly fashioned vase. Quite apart from the parent berg, and close to the rocks, it first appeared slowly rising out of the sea like some work of enchantment, ascending higher and higher until it stood, in the dark waters before him, some twenty feet in height, — a finely proportioned vase, pure as pearl or alabaster, and shining with the tints of emerald and sapphire throughout its manifold flutings and decorations. It was actually startling. As

it was ascending from the sea, the water in the Titanic vase, an exquisite pale green, spouted in all directions from the corrugated brim, and the waves leaped up and covered its pedestal and stem with a drift of sparkling foam. While in the process of painting this almost magical and beautiful apparition, nearly one half of the bowl burst off with the crack of a rifle, and fell with a heavy plunge into the sea. How much in olden times would have been made of this! In the twilight of truth it is easy to see that there is but a step, an easy and a willing step, from plain facts into wild and fanciful forms of superstition." — pp. 226, 227.

"If you would look upon the perfectly white and pure, see an iceberg between you and the day's last red heavens. To all appearance it will burn and scintillate like a crown of costly gems. In all its notched, zigzag, and flowing outline, it palpitates and glitters as if it were bordered with the very lightning." — pp. 232, 233.

"Icebergs, to the imaginative soul, have a kind of individuality and life. They startle, frighten, awe; they astonish, excite, amuse, delight, and fascinate; clouds, mountains and structures, angels, demons, animals and men spring to the view of the beholder. They are a favorite playground of the lines, surfaces, and shapes of the whole world, the heavens above, the earth and the waters under: of their sounds, motions, and colors also. These are the poet's and the painter's fields, more than they are the fields of the mere naturalist, much as they are his." — pp. 244, 245.

The book gives a pleasant impression of Church as companion and artist; persevering, enthusiastic, and light-hearted, — charming away his friend's sea-sickness with laughter from the recital of his own misfortunes in travel; running wild risks and working patiently in cold and danger to finish a sketch, and then throwing down pencil and sketch-book to make gingerbread in the cabin, boil salmon, and stir raisins into the rice to entertain their guests withal.

"Pricking above the horizon, the peak of a berg sparkles in the glowing daylight of the west like a silvery star. C—— has painted with great effect, notwithstanding the difficulty of lines and touches from the motion of the vessel. If one is curious about the troubles of painting on a little coaster, lightly ballasted, dashing forward frequently under a press of sail, with a short sea, I would recommend him to a good, stout swing. While in the enjoyment of his smooth and sickening vibrations, let him spread his palette, arrange his canvas, and paint a pair of colts at their gambols in some adjacent field." — p. 127.

The friends both have an appreciation for the gastronomic and the droll, as well as the beautiful; the goodly salmon which they find, and the shoals of glistening little capulin, would inspire an epicure with rapture; while we do not often read a pleasanter bit of fun than that word-painting of the cabin in a storm. Indeed, after quoting to such audacious length, we have but given glimpses of the charm hid in this little volume. To comfort critics, also, it has a few faults; too much is said of sea-sickness, and the style is sometimes too colloquial.

But why criticise such a live book? We would as soon complain that pine-trees have pitch on their bark, which may, if we reach after it, defile us. We turn from book and picture both, not wearied as from the drop-curtain of a theatre, but with minds cheered, freshened, charmed;—turn with such regret as lures us to look back at sunset woods about a lake, our whole heart lingering there behind.

At morning, in the freshness of his joy, our author exclaims, "Give me the sea, I say, now that I am on the sea. Give me the mountains, I say, when I am on the mountains! Henceforth when I am weary with the task of life, I will cry, Give me the mountains *and* the sea." Give us the picture, we say, as we stand in the Athenæum. Give us the book, we say, as reluctantly we close its covers. Give us the picture and the book; but by all means the book. Find more such friends as Theodore Winthrop and Noble, Mr. Church; write more such books as "*After Icebergs with a Painter*," Mr. Noble: go to Terra Del Fuego, go to the Caribbees or Mountains of the Moon;—everywhere shall float before you the gleaming wings of beauty;—go then, and report to us lagging mortals of the fine radiance which they shed!

ART. V. — PUBLIC PRAYER.

1. *Prayers.* By THEODORE PARKER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1862.
2. *North American Review*, January, 1862, Article IX.

WE presume that few people, outside of the regular attendance upon the services at the Music Hall and the narrow circle of personal acquaintance, ever imagined Theodore Parker to be a man of prayer, whose utterances were of a nature to be remembered and embodied in the printed page for the edification and comfort of those who have a taste for devotional literature. The character by which he was generally known to the community was that of a reformer, doing battle with real or imaginary superstition in the realm of theology and the Church, and exposing the abuses of morality and religion in social life. But his efforts in this relation did not denote him truly; certainly did not reveal the best part of his strength and his influence. It was not by his preaching and his speeches alone that he attracted admirers and won personal friends and confidants. Highly as we valued him as a scholar and a thinker, we could not always assent to his method, nor follow him to the result of his investigations; and his strictures upon men and manners carried with them an air of extravagance which dulled the edge of their application, while the tone of his sarcasm awakened a feeling of personal animosity towards himself amongst those whose spirit and principles he boldly rebuked. It was his method of dealing with what he esteemed great public errors, that afforded the chief attraction to those who were not members of his society, but were infrequent attendants at the Music Hall as opportunity allowed. There were many of this class, — many who, coming to the city for purposes of business or pleasure, availed themselves of the privilege, when they would hardly be willing to acknowledge that they had been there.

But we apprehend very many of this class were more deeply moved while there by the offerings of the priest than by the words of the preacher. When with reverence and simplicity he invoked an entrance into the Divine presence for that wait-

ing congregation, and with the assurance of humble piety laid the offering of thankfulness and supplication on the altar of religion, we can easily believe that some at least, who had gathered there as to a place of entertainment, went down to their homes again with new and deeper impressions of the reality and the value of religious faith. The stillness of that large assembly was a sincerer response to the sentiments of the speaker, than any loud-voiced answer of a liturgical service; the irreverent were rebuked, the thoughtless were arrested in their wayward reverie, and the hearts of all were touched by the sacredness of the place and the service. We are free to confess, that we deemed it worthy a long walk to enjoy that communion of worship. The preaching might satisfy, or not, but the prayer awakened the deepest emotions, and, like the eloquence of music, it soothed and refreshed the troubled spirit.

It never occurred to us that those prayers could be given to us again in a form so gratifying as we now have them presented here. To those who knew Mr. Parker as a minister, we hardly think a more acceptable memorial could be afforded than this little volume, though it should only remind them of the great loss they sustained when he was taken away, and his voice could no longer be heard inviting and leading them in the sacrifice of devotion. But the book has a value as a testimonial of sentiments and convictions that were denied to him by those who knew him only through report, and estimated his opinions and purposes by the narrow and artificial standard of prejudice. We think some of his defamers will be surprised to find one whom they believed to be so great a heretic and offender against the truths of the Gospel religion, could yet give utterance to sentiments so plainly inconsistent with infidelity as the following:—

“We thank thee for the triumphs which attend the name of Jesus, for the dear blessedness which his life has bestowed upon us, smoothing the pathway of toil, softening the pillow of distress, and brightening the way whereon truth comes down from thee, and life to thee goes ever ascending up. Father, we thank thee for the blessings which this great, noble soul has widely scattered throughout the world, and most of all for this, that his spark of fire has revealed to us thine own divin-

ity, enlivening this mortal, human clod, and prophesying such noble future achievement here on earth and in thine own kingdom of heaven with thee."

"We thank thee for that noblest ornament and fairest revelation of the nature of man, whom thou didst once send on the earth to seek and to save that which was lost."

"Father, we thank thee that he lifted up that which was fallen down, and bound that which was bruised, and was a father to the fatherless, and the Saviour of us all. Yea, Lord, we thank thee for his temptations and his agonies, for his trials and his bloody cross, and for all his perils so manfully borne, and the crown of human homage and divine reverence which thou didst set on his head, defiled once by a crown of thorns."

"We bless thee for all the various denominations on the earth, thanking thee that their several faith — whether Heathen, or Greek, or Jew, or Christian — is to them of such infinite worth. We bless thee for all of truth which we may have gathered from the various religions of the world, and most of all, for what we have learned of thyself, in the calm and still communing of our own heart with thee."

But we can hardly think of a book so readily adapted to meet the necessities of those whose minds have been perplexed and confused by the wranglings of sectarianism, until they know not which way to turn for relief; of those whose faith has been disturbed by intellectual conceits that have come as a cloud between the soul and the great truths of Divine Providence and a Father's infinite love. Though presented only as a memorial, we think it is destined to have a wider influence, and to become a messenger of light and guidance and consolation to many who for various reasons find no attraction and no help in the usual ministrations of religion.

The publication of this little volume affords an opportunity for uttering some brief thoughts upon the subject of public prayer; a subject which has not often, we believe, been made the theme of remark, or criticism, in this, or any other similar journal. While all the other ministrations of the Church and the Pulpit are freely commented upon, there is a general avoidance of this, as though it were privileged by its very nature from similar remark. While we appreciate the delicacy that creates this reserve, we see no reason for adherence to the example, when criticism is tempered with reverence.

The journal to which we have referred, in connection with

our subject, contrasts the supposed importance of preaching and public worship, and claims for the latter, on the ground of history and the usages of the Church, "only a secondary and auxiliary place." We are by no means disposed to question the fact; for nothing can be clearer than that, in our day at least, the Church, or the Meeting-House, is only metaphorically a "House of Prayer." It differs practically from the Jewish synagogue and the Heathen temple. Preaching is the grand attraction that summons the people thither, and men and women seldom think of worship or of prayer when they make preparation for "going to church." They do not, as in the olden time, "faint for the courts of the Lord"; but if anything beyond the force of custom sways them, it is the desire to hear what the preacher may have to say, — the expectation of an intellectual feast; and if the preacher can avail himself of this general disposition to awaken the religious sentiment in the souls of his hearers, he probably lays open the sources of private devotion, and causes the individual to become a priest for himself in his private consciousness before the Lord.

Still, prayer forms a part of the service in the Church, and the preacher is expected to unite the two functions in one office, and pray as well as teach. There are few, however, who have what is called the "gift of prayer," and make this part of the service at once grateful and edifying to the congregation. The talents that are necessary to make a good and powerful preacher are not always conjoined with the genius that makes one eloquent as a leader of public devotion. There are many who have a fluent utterance, and are never at a loss for the right word in the right place; there are some who possess a great facility in the forming of polished periods that give no offence to the ear of the fastidious, but please a cultivated taste by the elegance and precision of their rhetoric. On the other hand, there are not a few whose exercise in this department is merely an obligatory fulfilment of a seventh-day formality, awakening no response in the hearer but that of nervous agitation, lest the speaker should lose his self-possession in the midst of his utterance. There are those whose familiar discourse with Deity imparts an unpleasant shock to our sensitive reverence, and others whose long-drawn verbiage

sends us off in "wandering mazes" of reverie, to be brought back to consciousness only by the too welcome "Amen" that puts a stop to the service. We have heard prayers that came from lips seemingly as cold as the walls that echoed the sound thereof, and we have listened to those that evidenced no aspiration beyond the dome of the conventicle that hemmed in the bodily presence of the speaker, — without life, without fervor, without spontaneity, being only a mechanical repetition of a stereotyped devotion.

We know that it is easier to criticise than it is to sympathize with those who encounter of necessity many difficulties that hinder their personal gratification, as well as prevent the public acceptableness of their efforts, in this portion of the work assigned to them; we are ready, however, to admit that there are such difficulties, great or small, according to the temperament or relations of the minister himself. The article to which we have previously referred says: "Were public devotion all that heart could wish, it needs not a separate profession in order to its edifying performance. If it flow from the heart and in the words of him who conducts it, there are in every congregation persons as pure as the minister in life and character, and therefore as unlikely as he to degrade the service by unworthy associations with its leader, and not unfrequently there are parishioners whose devotional utterance is more free, glowing, and edifying than their pastor's."

Are we quite sure that it needs not a separate profession? Were these worthy parishioners to change places with their pastor, and undertake to do the "full work of the ministry," would they be able to conduct the public devotions in an utterance so "free, glowing, and edifying"? Some one, out of many congregations, might do it, but in our opinion the direct assumption of the offices of the ministry, and the attempt, however faithful, to discharge them, would present hindrances that the majority of laymen never dream of. The fact is, the ministry occupies an unnatural position, and is expected to be "free, glowing, and edifying," where it is utterly impossible to present more than the semblance of freedom and ardor, while edification is generally out of the

question altogether. We know of an instance where a clergyman was called, during the experience of only ten months, to officiate on an average once a week at a funeral where none of the parties were personally known to himself. He had nothing whatever but the kindred sympathies that bind one man to another to draw from in conducting the service. How was it possible, under such discouraging circumstances, to do more than repeat the merest commonplaces of devotion in such tones and with such emphasis as he could hastily summon to the discharge of duty! And yet this is hardly different from the position of every minister, and the expectations they are called to meet on account of the conventional habits of society, and the religious formalism that enters into the service in all our churches. The devotions of the sanctuary are not free and spontaneous, as they ought to be; they make part of a system, and have a place there, which he who leads the service must not disturb, however unnatural it may be to him to pray according to rule. It would be set down as affectation or whim should he undertake to exercise his discretion, and perhaps omit the prayer altogether, according as his feelings should dictate at the time. Ministers are but men, with the passions and infirmities of men, and may not be supposed always in the praying mood, any more than their brethren of the congregation, who sometimes find it difficult to exclude "the cares of the world" from the time they seemingly give to religious worship and instruction.

We are not, however, arguing for the omission of prayer from the service of the sanctuary, but only illustrating the formalism of our habits in regard to it, and the difficulties that obstruct the "free and glowing" exercise of it with a large proportion of those who are invested with the ministry. The great leader of the Jewish people did not more naturally shrink back from the office imposed upon him, and pray for a more eloquent tongue than his own to bear the message to Pharaoh, than do many of our clergy shrink from the office of prayer itself; the spirit of reverence overpowers their self-possession, the sense of obligation is greater than they can bear; there is a burden laid upon them which illus-

trates not so much the religious faith as it does the mere formalism and infidelity of society to all religion. The wonder is, not that they do not reach, more often than they do, the hearts and consciences of the people, but that, in spite of the temptations intrinsically connected with their relations to the church and the world, they do not lose their own faith, and "become castaways."

Some persons, dissatisfied with our barren congregational usages, have strenuously advocated the introduction of a liturgy, hoping thereby to overcome the difficulties experienced by the minister, and awaken a new interest among the people. We have never been able to sympathize with any such purpose; for we have never known nor believed the use of a liturgy to have any such efficacy as is hereby attributed to it. We do not know that our brethren in the Episcopal Church feel any more devoutly, or enter any more sincerely into the act of worship, because of the Book of Common Prayer, than do the members of our Puritan congregations, where such things were once deemed an abomination. A stereotyped form of prayer, though embellished by the illuminating hand of antiquity, and attended with all the sacred associations of venerable age, can of itself have no such influence as the advocates of a liturgy imagine. No manual of devotion can awaken the spirit of prayer, though it may serve to guide it when it has already been brought into life by religious convictions; but there is great danger that in its use it may degenerate from its goodly office, and become of no more value than the praying-machines that in Eastern countries are set by the road-side for the convenience of the passing traveller. This we think is very often the result to which we are brought by our ecclesiastical usages, under whatever administration they may have had their origin.

To recur once more to the article we have already referred to. The writer says:—

"It is frequently asserted, as a proposition which, in order to be received needs only to be stated, that the legitimate purpose of a religious assembly is not the listening to instruction, but the collective offering of praise and prayer; and at the same time it is taken for granted that the supreme importance attached in some quarters to the sermon

indicates a very low type of spirituality. We are disposed to join issue with those who occupy this ground, and to deny that in a just scale of values worship takes precedence of preaching. It was for the purpose of preaching that the founder of our religion ordained his twelve Apostles and his seventy disciples, and this office occupies the chief place in his parting charge. Throughout the Acts of the Apostles we read constantly of preaching, while there is only the most cursory reference to any social expression of faith and piety. The Apostolic Epistles recognize preaching as the one instrumentality of Divine appointment and of paramount efficacy for the salvation of men and the growth of the Church."

Without entering at all into the question whether preaching in these modern times is entitled to the great regard which some claim for it on account of its usefulness as a means of public religious edification, — a point which we think admits of some doubt, — we are free to confess that in our opinion public prayer would bear considerable diminution without any detriment to the interests of religion. If short sermons are gratifying to the people, as we know they are in a promiscuous assembly, short prayers are equally so, and quite as likely to effect the purpose for which they are offered. The devout cannot for a long time pray in the language and voice of another, while the undevout are likely to be attracted by a few simple expressions of devotion, when they would be utterly repelled by such labored exercises as we often hear in our churches, that seem designed to comprehend all subjects in one offering, as though it were "much speaking" that constitutes the grace of devotion, instead of the fire that burns in the heart of humility and gratitude. Let those who have the genius for prayer dilate in the office, but where the inspiration is not, all the cries and attitudes of the speaker will not touch the hearts of the congregation with the revelation of the Divine presence.

ART. VI.—THE ETHICS OF TREASON.

1. C. CRISPI SALLUSTII *Catilina*. Cura N. BUTLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.
2. *The Spirit of Military Institutions*. By MARSHAL MARMONT. Translated by HENRY COPPÉE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1862.

WHEN among the various classes of convicts and outcasts we pause before the traitors, estimating them with moral discrimination, the most glaring phenomenon in relation to them is this: that all mankind, in all ages, have agreed to regard them with more intensity of detestation than any other specimen of criminals. No species of conduct or type of character has such a brand of infamy and hatred burned into it by the judgment and instinct of the world. Dante, the pictures of whose poetic vision embody the deliberate verdicts of his conscience, traversing the nine successive spheres of torment, found the bottom of the lowest hell assigned to traitors! In order to understand the causes of this unanimous estimate, and to determine whether it is just or erroneous, we must first learn what constitutes treachery or treason.

Searching the etymology of the words employed to express the thing, we find that they all bear one fundamental meaning, namely, to drag out to the light, to deliver up. The essential significance is, to disclose and yield up to a hostile power a trust which we were pledged to keep; by a breach of honor to discover and hand over to an enemy a secret, a cause, or a person, confided to our friendship and integrity.

Now, whoever acts against the justice, safety, welfare of his country, aiding and abetting her foes, is pre-eminently a traitor. Mankind, in every time and clime, have unanimously consented thus to stigmatize that recreant man. Nor is he under any circumstances a traitor merely by construction. He is a full-blown traitor, by the very terms, in overt and signal distinction, though he have never taken office nor breathed oath of allegiance at her altar. For a country always takes for granted the allegiance of her children, and

confides in them accordingly without suspicion. A boy is not exempt from filial obligations until he has formally sworn to love his mother. He is born into those obligations. They are assumed by the sacred relationships of moral being. The loyalty of its members is the first principle of a nationality. Every son of a country is therefore implicitly pledged a patriot from the beginning. Any blow of his against her life, her fame, partakes of the qualities of a parricidal stab. In this truth we begin to see why such a transcendent stigma has always been affixed to the public traitor. He apostatizes from promises having the validity of baptismal vows; he repudiates duty in her holiest form of disinterestedness, sacrificing the authority of his country to the caprice of his passion. Flinging open the breast of a traitor to inspect the interior workings of his character, we behold the meaner forces trampling down the nobler, the lowest motives subjugating the highest. And well may every moral instinct feel that the spectacle is horrible.

Tracing the origination of treachery, we discern three species of it. For the sake of fulness of illustration we may call them three, though the substance is the same in them all; namely, an unprincipled selfishness subordinating to its wishes the commands of authorities rightfully superior to itself.

Terror is a prolific parent of treachery. A brave, high-souled man, placed by the confidence of his country, his friend, his employer, in a situation of responsibility, feels obliged to be faithful to his trust at all hazards. Danger has no fright for him when he remembers what is expected of him. Death, in comparison with the hideousness of dishonor, wears a radiant beauty, and proffers a prize. The fiercer waxes the peril, and the louder sounds the voice of alarm, so much the higher flames his resolution, and so much the closer he clings to his duty. But a timid, little-hearted man, under such circumstances, is cowed to the basest overtures; the color flies from his dastard cheek; his soul flutters with terror; he is at the mercy of every vile temptation, anxious to creep away at some ignominious outlet, ready to betray anything to purchase safety for his miserable body. Here we have the selfishness of fear making a traitor out of the coward. This is the

most contemptible form of treachery. Mankind, by common agreement, have always poured the largest measure of scorn on the representatives of this class. What words open such abysses of abomination and loathing, as coward, craven, poltroon?

Another generator of treachery is wounded conceit, selfish emulation disappointed of its aim and turned into malice. Rankling over defeat, chafing with anguish and rage at every sight of the laurels on the brow of its successful competitor, it thirsts to revenge fancied wrongs by ruining him who has surpassed it in the race, and by humbling those who have dared to crown him. The motive here indicated has played a direful part in the affairs of the world, both ancient and modern. Scarcely a brilliant general or honored statesman ever stood prominent in his time but had some villains around trying, from motives of selfish hostility, to tarnish and drag him down. Here we have the selfishness of envy making a traitor out of the rival. This is the most fearful form of treachery. Vanity, unregulated by moral principle, animated by a virulent greed for power and praise, baffled of winning them in the measure it thinks its due, seeing somebody else more trusted and honored than itself, is thereby changed into flaming poison. Its subject, possessed by a diabolical hate, becomes reckless of everything else in his desire to strip the wreath from the intolerable emulator who has obscured him, stop the sound of his praises, and feel his own superiority by covering him with defeat. He is willing to pay the price of treason to buy this demoniac luxury. History teems with instances. Words were wasted in denouncing a type of character so fiendish. Every healthy conscience will spontaneously assign it its rank and its doom.

There is one more cause of treachery, — an unbridled craving for the means of self-indulgence. A man with a loose conscience, powerful propensities, and a rampant will, whose lawless wishes are opposed by his comrades or superiors, in his curbed and exasperated hankerings, free from that virtuous rule of principle which alone makes abstinence tolerable and denial noble, becomes an easy prey to the blandishments of wickedness. His longings for pleasure, praise, power, thwarted

of their gratification by legitimate means, solicit him to count nothing sacred that withstands their satisfaction. In the absence of a kingly conscience, if he have courage enough to run the risks, he will yield to the seduction, however vile the guise in which it comes, break every bond, and tread remorselessly on every impediment to his purpose.

Vanity and its affiliated passions furnish the ready material for vice and deceit to work on ; they are tinder for the torch of temptation. Pride is a great provoker of hate, and a great nourisher of revenge, but hardly a creator of treachery ; rather a protection from it, except when, by some tremendous rebuff, crushed out of its proper nature, and maddened into one impulse of recalcitrant fury, forcing an outlet through retaliation. In ordinary cases, its haughtiness cannot bear to stoop so low. Its insolent sensitiveness shrinks from exposing itself to the burning taunts which, as it knows, deservedly beset the betrayer of a trust. But put a voluptuous, ostentatious, prodigal self-lover — such a man as Benedict Arnold was — in a position where he cannot indulge himself within the barriers of honesty and honor, and he will soon overpass those holy limits, making use of any means of compassing his purpose, even down to the most shameful recreancy. Here we have the selfishness of desire making a traitor out of the egotist. This is the most dangerous form of treachery. It is more frequent than any other. Indeed, in some relations so common is it that it has lost most of its peculiar odiousness ; as, for example, in the betrayal of business trusts. Many a man who has plunged in a bath of fraud, and come up dripping with moral slime, is received in society just as if he were clean and upright. Few men comparatively are so pusillanimous as to be frightened into traitors ; few comparatively so revengeful as to be aggravated into traitors ; but when men, the better to gratify their desires for wealth and fame, betray the cause with which they have been identified, the friend who has confided in them, the charge intrusted to their keeping, we only see the goaded outbreak of a universal passion, the headlong intensification of propensities which in a more governed degree exist in all, and are constantly tempted to rebel against their divine sovereigns and checks.

Having seen what a traitor is, the verdict of mankind on him may easily be explained, and will stand fully justified. Treachery is so profoundly despised, in the first place, because of the baseness of the motives in which it has its birth. There is always in it — characteristic of the whole Iscariot brood — this uppermost element of tainted and sneaking self, asking of those who have penalties to denounce and rewards to offer, "What will ye give me, and I will betray him unto you?" There is a mediæval legend, not without impressiveness, to the effect that the thirty pieces of silver which Judas received are a perpetual heirloom in his moral lineage, and that wherever any great treason is perpetrated, these guilty coins will always be found turning up afresh in the hands of the culprit. Treachery is the explosive point at which selfishness attains its climax. It is the antithesis of magnanimity, the moral antipode of chivalry. It must be loathed by as much as these are admired. The most generous characters, looking from their height, will abhor it most; and, in the long run, they give the rule for the rest, and establish the ethical scale and judgment of the world.

A second reason why the conduct of the traitor is so vehemently condemned, is furnished by the dire effects it produces. That lawlessness can put on no dress so hateful as treason is partly because there is no other shape of evil so alarming and destructive. A grave responsibility imposed on one, an important trust placed in his hands, puts his moral manhood on its mettle to prove him worthy of the distinction, and to keep him proudly faithful to the duties it involves. His honor, the sensitive centre of all that is most authoritative and sacred, the vital seat of every moral command and religious oracle, is appealed to, and responds with loyal vows. Human nature itself is put in pledge for him. If, after all this, he prove false, the ultimate sanctity in man is defiled, the very foundations of ethical order are broken up, and all confidence exploded. Were overt deceit and treason as common as they are exceptional, every man's hand would be against every man, and the whole organism of society would go down in night and slaughter. The intercourse of civilized life presupposes mutual faith and fidelity in the universal repose of

trusts, and cannot exist without them. The conduct of the traitor strikes at the life of this. His character, become universal, would subvert the social world. It is consequently natural and just that he is so unrelentingly execrated. The core of loyalty being rotten in the character of the traitor, there is nothing left in his soul for a curative power to fasten on. People turn from him as hopeless of remedy.

But there is a third reason, in some respects more important than either of the foregoing, why treachery is viewed with such intense aversion. We refer to the elements of secrecy, fraud, and suddenness which enter so largely into it. It is a mine sprung in the dark. The plot of the traitor bursts on us by surprise when we are helpless, and thus produces a far more energetic reaction of anger than if it had come gradually, and found us prepared. It adds to the crime of disloyalty the meanness of falsehood and the cruelty of cowardice, leaping out of ambush without a warning. We watch our foes, wear armor towards them, look out for their subtle wiles, and resist their frank assaults in manly fashion, without any festering malignity or abandoned rage. But when those in whom we have trusted turn and rend us, — when a nation is ruthlessly rejected and smitten by a favorite son, whom she has elevated to the choicest places of her confidence, — no wonder the revulsion rushes over all limits, and for an outrage of such unapproachable atrocity there is dealt on the perpetrator a sentence of unapproached severity. The beast of prey that boldly confronts us as we draw near his haunts can never stir the swift abhorrence, the merciless indignation, we feel when, as we are strolling along the meadow, a venomous reptile springs at us, stiffening out of his coil.

The disgust and wrath experienced at the spectacle of treason, however, are not merely the reflex action of our sentiments of justice and honor; and they are not merely this heightened by the blow of surprise. They are all this climaxed by the power of inverted expectation. We expect that the holder of a trust will be grateful for the honor of it, and will sacrifice everything inferior rather than betray it. When the opposite suddenly appears, unmasking ingratitude and fraud where we looked for heroic fealty, in the shock of

astonishment consciousness is flung violently through its entire radius, from the one extremity where expectation was, to the other extremity where realization is. It is like opening your arms for an embrace, and having a dagger plunged into your breast. It is like receiving poison in a kiss, — the very trick of the Judas tribe.

The same principle also operates in quite another aspect to the same result of an overwhelming repugnance. The world-wide superiority of the illustrious objects and persons treachery would sacrifice to its mad desires, the immense distance through which, self-wounded, it writhes up in agony of malice to sting the object of its envy, fills the spectator with alternate scorn, indignation, and horror. Beholding a noble cause of truth or patriotism sacrificed by a traitor to feed the obscene appetite of his ambition, one must feel somewhat as that traveller felt who, in traversing an Eastern forest, came upon a huge serpent that had slain a MAN, and was slowly swallowing him. Blame is graduated by the rank of the worth whose dignity the fault pulls down to desecrate. No little of the vindictive energy of disgust visited on the various forms of treason arises from this reflected antithesis of the ignominiousness of the recreant and the altitude of the claims he betrays, — a worm crawling up Olympus to defile a god.

There is scarcely a signal traitor in history who is not made to look doubly black from the immediate opposition in which he stands to some dazzling hero, who, where he proved false, remained faithful. When Abdiel and Satan are brought together, what aggravated splendor and gloom their mutual presence lends the seraph and the fiend! At the Supper, Judas would lose half his haggard and sinister darkness were he not set over against the divine purity and loveliness of John. How is the heartless envy of Aristocrates, whom the Messenians stoned to death for betraying his rival and friend, Aristomenes, deepened by its direct opposal to the disinterested achievements and magnanimity of that victorious hero! We shudder at beholding the awful chasm between the extremes of human nature revealed when Ephialtes and Leonidas meet, one wrapped in a filthy blur of cowardice and treason, the other transfigured with self-immolating devotion. The ferocious

sullenness of Catiline is a fine foil to the bright frankness and genius of Cicero. The rankling vanity of Gates and the baffled duplicity of Conway gnaw and lower in full contrast to the patriotic grandeur and chivalrous clearness of Washington and Lafayette. And the example of the Twiggses and Floyds is recognized in all the infamy of its ugliness when confronted with the unquailing valor and spotless record of the Andersons and Holts.

From this analysis of the characteristic ingredients, motives, workings, and results of treachery, several important lessons may be learned, in addition to the chief lesson directly furnished by the subject itself. The traitor, it is obvious, is likely to fail in his plot. The hollow misgivings conjured up within him by his consciousness of deceit and wrong collapse before a hostile pressure which the firm heart of integrity would repel. Working secretly, and dependent on contingencies at variance with the normal course of men and things, his enterprise may be defeated by any chance flash of light. The moment his design is perceived, the instinctive revulsion of indignation produces a coalition against him pretty sure to frustrate his treachery and overwhelm him in condign vengeance. Stealthy tricks are a more dangerous policy for any aspirant than open defiance of his foes. Treachery is the dearest price that can be paid for victory. Retribution dogs its heels. In the track of every murderous Galba springs up an avenging Viriathus, whose blade, reaping down army after army, balances against one day of Lusitanian slaughter ten years of Roman defeat. Not one traitor in a hundred is successful. The omnipotence of truth, righteousness, law, honest men, and God is against them.

And when the traitor is successful in his unhallowed undertaking, he is likely still to be cheated of the reward he expected. There is always a high probability of this, for two reasons. He can never be trusted. Having once betrayed his cause, his post, his friends, his country, for a bribe or for revenge, he has thereby proved that he is without moral anchorage. What assurance can there be that he will not repeat the deed on his new confidants, if a similar or superior inducement be held out to him? No responsibility of money, truth, or power

can be intrusted to his honor. Therefore his ambition may be crushed with insulting rebuff in the very instant of its fancied triumph. He is likely to suffer this result, not merely from his untrustworthiness, but also from the scorn he awakens even in those he serves. A generous heart must loathe a traitor, even if aided by his treachery. If it stoops to accept the help, it will yet shrink from the tool. When Darius was fleeing from his conqueror, his own general, the infamous Bessus, turned on him, and slew him in his misfortune, and then went to Alexander and claimed a reward. The noble victor, enraged at such baseness, ordered him to be put to death with tortures. When Camillus besieged Falerii, the principal teacher of the Falerian youth led them all out and delivered them up to the Roman general. But Camillus, instead of rewarding the traitorous schoolmaster, stripped off his clothes, tied his hands behind his back, gave every boy a scourge, and told them to whip him back into the city; which they did, undoubtedly with a relish. All persons take a sort of satisfaction in scorning and avoiding, or girding at and lashing, the traitor. No one hesitates to cast him off without remorse; as, when the Greeks walled up the temple into which the perfidious Pausanias had fled for refuge, his own mother laid the first stone. He must, therefore, often be deprived of his promised reward.

But should his plan succeed, and should he grasp the meed he schemed for so foully, and hold it safely, even then it is but a barren sceptre that is placed in his gripe. Every throb of his better nature shoots self-disgust through him, and makes him loathe the prize he bought at so fatal a price. And when, unable either to escape or to bear his own shame, he seeks to comfort the pangs of conscience and honor by the respect and love of his neighbors, but reads abhorrence in the glance of every eye, and repulsion in the gesture of every hand, what remains for him except to do as his great prototype and ancestor at Jerusalem did?

In this connection we must not overlook another lesson of the widest applicability,—the distinction between real and nominal traitors. There is an apparent treachery which is genuine loyalty,—when a man forsakes old positions and pledges, at a severe cost, in obedience to new and higher perceptions of

truth and duty. And there is a thorough perfidy which sometimes passes for resolute fidelity, — where a man, yielding to pride of consistency or to the appeals of self-interest, occupies a post or maintains professions opposed to what he knows to be the highest morality. Many good and true men in all ages have been falsely called traitors, because judged by vulgar standards far below the authority of their consciences; or because they failed in the unequal struggle, — cowards, tyrants, and the obsequious crowd of incompetents triumphing over them and stigmatizing them with the opprobrious title. It is an old artifice, manifested as widely as the history of controversy, for vicious characters of all kinds to try to escape the names that sting them deepest and gall them worst, because felt to fit them so well, by persistently casting them on their innocent superiors, opposers, and victims; and often it happens, through the indiscrimination of contemporaries and the carelessness of posterity, that the epithets thus unjustly interchanged get permanently fixed to the wrong persons. If a catholic spirit of love be the truth of truths, and a sincere devotedness to the will of Heaven and to the good of man be the essence of loyalty and the crown of virtue, — if a cruel spirit of self-will be the evil of evils, and the maintenance of personal or class prerogatives, at the expense of every higher authority and the welfare of other people, be the substance of treason and the epitome of all wrong, — then Servetus was orthodox at the stake, and Calvin heretic on the tribunal; Pope Innocent was a traitor when he pronounced iniquitous sentence in the Primate's chair, and Savonarola a martyred patriot when his hot ashes sanctified the Square of Florence; poor John Huss, expiring among the Bohemian hills, was a faithful saint of God, and the merciless Emperor, priests, and nobles who mocked his agony, perfidious fiends. The truth, unqualifiedly applied, would reverse many a sentence and epithet current in the world as just. Especially, neutralizing the blinding influence of outward defeat and outward triumph on the fickle sympathies of passion, it would rectify the decisions of ignorance, prejudice, and spite. It would burn up and blow away the media of silver gauze and golden mist through which a great success causes its achiever and his concerns to be seen.

Tearing sceptre and robe from the selfish adventurer who has stolen, through flattery, deception, perjury, and slaughter, to an imperial diadem, it would pluck off his brilliant mask, triply woven of talent, energy, and usefulness, drag him to the bar of trial, and show him in the full deformity of his crime. For unquestionably a host of deep-dyed traitors have escaped the name simply because they were successful in their treachery, muffled the mouths of discerning censors with bribes or with penalties, and afterwards by their wise policy caused their wickedness to be overlooked, and gradually forgotten. So proud is the world of a striking executive genius, so fond of relentless tenacity of purpose, so subservient in presence of an impressive victory, that where these are found combined it easily pardons, and soon forgets, the gravest defects and offences, especially when the faults are subsequently disguised in benefits to itself.

One more lesson must be noted before we leave the subject. Traitors show themselves and play their part in many different spheres of life. Their principal historic representatives are martial, have ranged themselves with the foreign enemies, or engaged in violent internal conspiracies against the government of their country. When the word treason or traitor is used, we instinctively think of war, of leaders or soldiers betraying fortresses, surrendering armies, communicating secret plans. But this comparative confinement of the term to the relations of warfare must not deceive us. The thing appears as really, and often more odiously, in times of peace, in the manifold civic, professional, and private relations of society. In war, the passions, particularly the various modifications of ambition, rivalry, and jealousy, are stirred into unprecedented activity. The exposures and exigencies incurred, the disgraces inflicted, and the honors bestowed, are multiplied and intensified as at no other period. Hence a threefold cause operates to make visible traitors more numerous, conspicuous, and memorable in the relations of war than in those of peace; namely, the more aggravated excitement of the ground passions of our nature, the more kindling bribes held out to them, and the more eager attention paid in such a crisis by the highly wrought public mind to whatever then happens.

Guarding ourselves against these sophistical influences, we shall perceive that there are in the various walks of civil life enactors of treachery tenfold baser in themselves, and tenfold more corrupting in their examples, than any malecontent, deserter, or betrayer of the camp. There may be an alleviating consideration for the military traitor in the effervescence of hot-hearted provocations, or in some revulsion of despair. But the creature, compacted in equal parts of falsehood, fawning, and malignity, who in the even ways of peace, in the household confidences of society, is deliberately untrue to the trusts of business, of friendship, of office in state or church, his unprovoked treachery as cold as the poison of the bloodless spider, is a renegade so unrelieved by tint of light or shade of excuse as to mock comparison. Surely he who consciously admits into his breast lying thoughts, malicious desires, and felonious purposes, hoisting the flag of the Devil over that stronghold of the mind where he was placed in charge to keep God's banner floating unsullied, is a more arrant traitor than he who lets the emissaries or legions of the foe into any material citadel.

ART. VII. — THE GREEKS.

1. *History of Greece under Foreign Domination.* By GEORGE FINLAY, LL. D. In Five Volumes. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1857.
2. *History of the Greek Revolution.* By GEORGE FINLAY, LL. D. In Two Volumes. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1861.

IN all the long annals of our race, so little encouraging sometimes, and often so unintelligible, there will hardly be found a more remarkable subject for contemplation than the history of Greece under foreign domination. One hundred and forty-six years before Christ, the Achæan League defeated and Corinth sacked by the Roman Consul Mummius, Greece became a Roman province. Nineteen hundred and eighty-

nine years afterwards, the people of Athens assembled before the white palace of their Bavarian king, and demanded a constitution, by which, at last, liberty was restored to the Greeks. In that vast interval the face of the world had changed. New religions had arisen in the East, and through the North and West a new civilization had spread. In the city of the Cæsars was installed another language and a different empire. Yet, amidst these ceaseless changes, while empires rose and fell, — while religions and races decayed and passed away, — the Parthenon still towered serene and beautiful above the Acropolis, centre, as it were, and symbol of the undying unity of the Greeks.

This strange story of so many ages of tumult and persecution, of corruption and devastation, of exile and despair, — yet of vitality so inextinguishable, of faith and heroism so persistent and marvellous, — has at length been fitly told by Mr. Finlay. Among the great historical works in which this age has been so fruitful, we do not, on the whole, know a greater. For others may be claimed a more flowing style, or a more dramatic subject; but as an historical thinker, Mr. Finlay is not surpassed. He does not paint scenes; he seeks for causes. He has to do, not with individuals, but with a race, — not with one civilization, or one religion, but with several. There is nothing of the rhetorician in him; he does not aim to entertain, but to instruct. To the conciseness of Tacitus he adds the political observation of Polybius. If he is often severe, it is because he loves the truth; and if we may not always agree with his conclusions, we appreciate always their honesty, as the mature convictions of many years of study and of thought. In all respects an original writer, his merits and defects are his own. From the first page to the last, through seven solid volumes, you recognize always an earnest, decided mind, a transparent truthfulness, even a certain austerity of virtue.

It was in 1823 that Mr. Finlay first went to Greece, to take part in the effort which the Greeks had already begun to make to throw off the Turkish yoke. From that time, Greece has been his home: he has grown up with it; its language is his language, its hopes are his hopes. When the task of deliver-

ance was accomplished, he applied himself to the study and exposition of the long period of its subjugation. The History of the Greek Revolution recently published brings his work now to a close; and if there be anything in the memory of a well-ordered and fruitful life to brighten and console the declining years, it belongs in full measure to Mr. Finlay. The aims with which the friends of Greece were inspired a generation ago may not have been all achieved. Untoward circumstances, a feeble and bigoted king, a selfish and frivolous court, may have checked the progress they reasonably anticipated among a people so eager to be redeemed. Yet it is something to have added a new kingdom to the civilized states of Europe, — something to have given character and stimulus to the Greek element in the East, — something to have prepared the way for the gradual enlightenment of regions so long lying under the withering shadow of the Othoman rule. To have shared in that gracious work was no little honor; to have recorded and illustrated with such abundant learning and such philosophic insight the vast historic development of which it was a part, will not be esteemed a less honor, or an inferior service.

The subjects of Mr. Finlay's volumes may be thus briefly indicated.

The first treats of Greece under the Romans, from B. C. 146 to A. D. 716. The second and third comprise the history of the Byzantine and Greek empires, from A. D. 716 to A. D. 1553. The fourth contains the history of Greece from its conquest by the Crusaders to its conquest by the Turks, and of the empire of Trebizond, 1204–1461. The fifth is the history of Greece under Othoman and Venetian domination. The two concluding volumes explore the causes and narrate the events of the Greek Revolution, and continue the history of the Greek kingdom down to 1843.*

Although much of the period covered by Mr. Finlay's work has been treated of by others, — a large portion, indeed, by Gibbon, — he nowhere comes into collision with other writers,

* It should be stated that the first, the second and third, the fourth, and the fifth volumes respectively are published as separate works. The History of the Greek Revolution in two volumes is also a separate work.

English or German. From the beginning to the end, he has followed his own method, and done his own thinking. With all the valuable qualities of the great historian, he lacks only the gift of style. Some writer has said that there are but three historians, Thucydides, Tacitus, and Gibbon, — a severe estimate, and to a great extent an artistic one, which should not make us unjust to eminent worth. There has been but one Homer, there will be but one Tennyson; yet in all ages there have been numberless poets, and many good ones. So that rare combination of qualities which is needed to produce a classic historian may be found but once in a thousand years, yet meanwhile we shall have many good histories. In the profound estimate of causes, in the subtle appreciation of truth, others may surpass Gibbon, though they may not be able to clothe the results of their research and their analysis in a style like his. Others, too, may emulate the vigor of Tacitus, and the passionless justice of Thucydides; and though they may not be models of style, they may be something better, perhaps; for they may lead us in the darkness of the primeval ages, or support us through the weary wastes of the centuries, by revealing ever the guiding Hand. History, moreover, is inexhaustible; facts are as you see them, and in every age every thinker has tried to harmonize them for himself. Not till the last days and the last men will the great classic be achieved. Doubt and struggle are the condition of progress; and that, indeed, will be a decaying and despairing age which receives for its own the views of that which preceded it, touching the great questions made for us to solve out of our human annals.

The Greek is the only European race which has survived the destruction of the pagan civilization; its language is the oldest language of civilized men which remains to us a living language. The Greek of Homer, says Mr. Finlay, who has spoken the language for forty years, does not differ more from that of the New Testament than that of the New Testament differs from that of a modern Greek review. An equal permanence indeed, may be claimed for the Arabic, but, like all Eastern languages, its range is less. The Oriental speech, like the Oriental mind, seems never to have been more than half

developed. That the original seat of the human family was somewhere in Asia, is a doctrine or a tradition which modern investigation goes far to confirm. That this human family spoke at first but one tongue, is a position which, according to the latest philologists, has not been shown to be impossible in the nature of language. But whatever the origin of our human speech, it underwent, like the human mind, a remarkable change when Europe was colonized. The vast difference between the European and Asiatic mind is obvious throughout every period of authentic history ; the capacity of the latter is more limited ; the plane of civilization, when attained, has always been lower in the East than in the West. The European seems to possess a vital element of progress not shared by the Asiatic. From the beginning the former has been restless and aggressive, fresher and fiercer after every prostration by corruption, — after every whirlwind of moral and physical destruction. The Asiatic, on the contrary, his little circle of progress once traversed, has rested in it, fossilized and sullen, through untold ages. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that absolute stagnation has ever existed anywhere on earth. Among the many races which fill the limitless spaces of Asia, there have always been some more restless than others, because more barbarous, to crowd in upon the more civilized, to invigorate or displace them. But the character of the Eastern mind seems never to have varied in its steady inferiority to the Western. In the East, permanence both in language and institutions is the rule ; in the West, it is the exception. The Greek civilization, whether it first sprang into life on the shores of Asia Minor, as the later scholars affirm, or was developed on the native soil by the arts and commerce of Tyre, had always, like the Jewish, a certain Oriental character. On the border between the East and the West, it combined the unshackled thought of the one with the undying tenacity of the other. Its glories, which were early wrought, have served as a stimulus to every other people ; yet they have never been repeated, or even worthily emulated, by the Greeks themselves. In its achievements the race was European. In its permanence may be traced something of its Oriental character.

And the very circumstances which favored the early splen-

dor of the Greek civilization, led also to its early decline. Civilized races do not present anywhere a greater contrast in the method of their development than the Roman and the Greek. The former had its beginning in a single city, the latter sprang into manifold life on every hill of the Peloponnesus, and on every island of the Ægean. Solitary, concentrated, Rome remained always uncontrolled master of its strength. Wherever it found a rival, it crushed him. Greece began its career divided and in rivalry. Its people were a lively, subtle race, loving art religiously, given to disputation, to investigation, to thought. They produced philosophers, while Rome trained warriors. Yet it was not because of its philosophers that it fell. A nation's greatest military achievements correspond for the most part with its literary and scientific development. The Greeks were conquered because there never was any Greece. There were Athens and Sparta and Corinth, — there were Cyprus, and Ægina, and Delos, — there was also an Achæan League; but there never was a homogeneous Greece. It was not unlike Germany in these latter times, — a country without a nation. Singular as it may seem, it is a mistake, also, which is often made, to identify the Greeks with Greece. Fallmerayer's learned work is a remarkable instance of the false conclusions to which such a mistake will lead. With great ingenuity and vigor, but with a passion not called for, Fallmerayer set himself to prove that the Greeks were wholly extirpated by the various inroads of Slavonians, in particular by the ferocious tribe of the Avars, who possessed the Peloponnesus in the seventh and eighth centuries. The history of Greece during these periods is very meagre at the best, and will bear out the most contradictory inferences. The kingdom of the Avars lasted from 589 to 807; but it may reasonably be doubted whether their possession of the country was so exclusive and independent as has been maintained. Some of the fortified places on the eastern coast of the Peloponnesus, and in the mountainous districts, were still occupied by the Greeks; and in 661 Constans II., in his journey from Constantinople to Italy, touched at Athens, and collected there a considerable body of troops. After the great plague, indeed, in the time of Constantine Copronymus, in the middle

of the eighth century, many of the Hellenic names of rivers and hills and districts seem to have been supplanted by Slavonian ones; and Fallmerayer develops with a good deal of ability the similarity first suggested by that very acute observer, the late Colonel Leake, between many of the names of localities in Greece and Russia. The argument is ingenious, to a certain extent well founded. But, as Curtius has observed, it is pushed to an extreme which it will not bear. Nor will the subsequent repossession of Greece by the Byzantines explain wholly the change by which the Slavonians were made over into Greeks. It is reasonable to suppose that a sufficient number of the Hellenes survived, if only in inaccessible fastnesses, to combine at length with the Byzantines to restore the superiority of the Greek language and influence. One small tribe, indeed, in the highlands of the ancient Cynuria, between Argolis and Laconia, which at this day speaks a language unintelligible to its modern Greek neighbors, has been claimed to be the direct descendant of the very tribe which Herodotus describes as inhabiting that district; an opinion first illustrated with abundant learning by Thiersch,* and admitted by Curtius,† and even to a certain extent by Fallmerayer,‡ although denied of late in a very able discussion of the subject by that eminent scholar, Professor Sophocles.§ But, however interesting it may be to trace and define the extent and character of the Slavonian devastation in Greece, that question does not touch the vitality or the unity of the Greeks. They survived elsewhere. The glories of the Greeks, indeed, in art and literature, belong, with few exceptions, to Greece; but the period which witnessed them is but a fraction of that of the long existence of the Greeks. The conquests of Alexander diffused a vast number of Greeks through the East, who left visible traces of their influence to a late period. For many centuries Alexandria was the metropolis

* Abhandl. d. Philosoph. — Philolol. Cl. d. königl. bayer. Ak. d. Wissen., Vol. I. [München, 1835.] pp. 511 – 582.

† Curtius: Peloponnesos, I. 88.

‡ Gesch. d. Halbinsel Morea während des Mittelalters, Erster Theil, pp. 232, 233.

§ Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. V. pp. 296 – 311.

of a Greek civilization in Egypt and Syria. Six centuries before Christ there were Greek colonies at Cyrene, and they existed there for twelve hundred years. In Southern Italy Greek was spoken as late as the fourteenth century of our era. All along the shores of the Mediterranean, from Cyrene to the Halys, you find, early and late, Greek colonies, the Greek art, and the Greek religion. The history of the Greeks, indeed, may be divided into two great chapters, — one relating their marvellous achievements in Greece, the other their marvellous vitality out of it.

The Romans were a nation of war and affairs. They developed vast administrative abilities, but they remained a material people. They failed to make their system permanent, as the Greeks who succeeded to it in the Byzantine Empire failed also, for the reason, it may be, that in the long run men will always refuse to be merely creative of revenue. But the Roman could not survive the death of the political system of which he was a part, could not outlive Rome; while the Greek, speculative, philosophic, clung only to ideas, to his individuality, equally a Greek at Posidonia or Ephesus, and guarding everywhere the purity of his blood; — as at a later day among the Greek priests an admixture of foreign blood was considered equal to a taint of heresy. His religious mind first developed into form and beauty the ancient mythology, and clung to it longest and fondest. The house and garden near the Academy where he had so long lived and taught Plato bequeathed to the worthiest of his followers, and there for more than eight hundred years they continued to teach his philosophy, till by a decree of Justinian the schools of philosophy in Athens were swept away forever. With them disappeared the last breath of Hellenic life. That class of speculative thinkers who had set up the many altars to the unknown God which Pausanias saw, became then extinct in Greece. The first chapter of its history was closed, and it was on the whole one unparalleled in the history of men. So many illustrious artists and statesmen and philosophers and poets — Phidias, Pericles, Plato, Homer — are unknown to any other single race. The modern time has great names and grand achievements, greater and grander sometimes than the an-

cient, but they are shared by many nations, — the English and Italian, the German and French and Spanish and Scandinavian. The Greek art and literature are something original and complete, unfolding once and forever, as it were, the primal type of beauty. We are the product of larger influences, the heirs of a more affluent inheritance, rushing on to a career vaster and more beneficent, with something of the final consummation in it. Yet in the grandeur of the last days it is not for us to forget the touching beauty of the first.

The condition of Greece under the Romans, from B. C. 146 to A. D. 716, has been set forth by Mr. Finlay with accuracy and judgment. We have rarely, if ever, met with an historical exposition at once so comprehensive and so vivid. The effect of the Roman system of administration upon the Greek provinces is a subject to which comparatively little attention has been paid. Enthralled by the splendor of the earlier, we have dismissed the later age as almost worthless. Yet it is in these long periods of helplessness and debasement that the Greeks offer to the philosophic observer the most curious problems. It was the policy of the Romans at first to interfere as little as possible with the municipal systems of conquered provinces. Towards Athens they seem ever to have exhibited a respectful, sometimes a superstitious deference. It preserved its autonomy even after the terrible ravages of Sylla. For centuries it was the resort of the wise and curious. While the rest of the world shook under the tramp of the Roman soldiery, the Agora at Athens was filled as of old with busy talkers, and the Academy with stately philosophers. But the Roman system of taxation, the effect of which Mr. Finlay has been one of the first so thoroughly to explore and illustrate, was gradually undermining the Roman world. Greece was sinking from age to age. Yet while the nation grew poorer, it is a curious fact that individuals could grow richer. Julius Eurycles owned a province, and Herodes Atticus could have purchased a kingdom, at the very time when under Hadrian Greece had reached a very low stage of poverty and depopulation. But Hadrian, who loved to linger in Athens, contributed in a degree to its revival. Besides completing the temple of Jupiter Olympus, in the shadow of whose solitary columns the

traveller loves now to ponder upon its ancient magnificence, he decorated the city with many splendid buildings. Yet the edict of Caracalla, which conferred on all the subjects of the empire the rights of Roman citizenship, was of more importance to the Greeks, for thenceforth they began to obtain an influence in political affairs. With the introduction of Christianity that influence rapidly supplanted the Roman. But at what period the Eastern Roman Empire ceased to exist, it is not possible to determine accurately. The Roman forms of administration long survived the Roman language. With the accession, however, in 717, of Leo III., an Isaurian and an Iconoclast, a foreigner and a heretic, to the throne of Constantine, began the new reformed empire known as the Byzantine, which for five centuries defied the attacks of the deadliest enemies of our Western civilization, the fanatic followers of Mohammed; thereby doing us a service which has not always perhaps been justly appreciated. Its position was defensive, and it outlived the aggressive empires of the Saracens, of the Franks, and of the Bulgarians, while in the seventh and eighth centuries its moral condition was greatly superior to that of the turbulent kingdoms of the West.

In many respects it was a highly civilized empire. The arts and sciences of Greece and Rome survived in Constantinople. Leo the Mathematician invented a plan by which the fire signals from the frontiers of the empire were read off on a dial-plate in the council-chamber of the Emperor. Byzantine jewelry is dug up to this day in the remotest regions of the West. Mosaics were still used in private houses. Constantine Porphyrogenitus wrote histories, and painted pictures which were compared to those of Apelles. The classic writers were still read in Constantinople, and the Roman jurists still consulted,—and both, it may be, compared by reflecting minds with the purer truth and the loftier ethics of the Christian fathers. The barbarism into which Greece had sunk in the seventh and eighth centuries had extinguished all respect for it among the Byzantine Greeks; they looked upon it with contempt. The proud name of Hellenes was but another term for idolaters. Yet in these very centuries you might have viewed at Athens the greater part of the buildings

described by Pausanias ; and though Alexandria and Antioch and Berytus and Nisibis were destroyed, schools and libraries, and all the conveniences for a life of study, existed, not only in Thessalonica and Constantinople, but in many towns throughout the empire.

After the entire subjection of the Slavonian colonists, accomplished by the Byzantine Greeks in the first years of the ninth century, Greece relapsed into a stationary condition. But the vigorous administration of the Iconoclasts restored a great degree of prosperity ; and from the end of the ninth century to the invasion of the Crusaders, Greece was a rich and flourishing province. And when Basil, the Slayer of the Bulgarians, visited Athens early in the eleventh century, it is recorded that the temples of the Acropolis were still untouched, although on the walls of the Parthenon, transformed into a Christian church, pictures of saints and martyrs, in rigidest Byzantine style, had usurped the place of those flowing representations of heroic myths or unclean fables which had delighted the Greeks since the age of Pericles.

Yet in the end the systematized centralization of the Byzantine empire prevented the development of its commerce, and prepared the way for its downfall, while Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, and Venice, unfettered and self-supporting, attained a degree of power and wealth which enabled them to perfect and diffuse the struggling civilization of the West. After the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1203, the Byzantine empire, as such, ceased to exist. The Crusaders divided their conquests with the Venetians, and founded the Latin empire of Romania, with feudal principalities in Greece. But no calamity could destroy the vitality of the Greeks. The wreck of their old empire was transferred to Nicæa, where it continued till, in 1261, they succeeded in regaining possession of Constantinople. The Greek empires of Nicæa and Constantinople lasted exactly two hundred and fifty years. But the currents of progress were all setting against them. The Goth and the Hun had done their part in the destruction of the ancient civilization in the West ; it was for the Mohammedan to complete it in the East. When Constantinople was taken at last by the Turks, a long chapter in the history of the Greeks

was closed. Old things were done away forever; slowly and painfully the new were to be achieved.

The history of Greece from its conquest by the Crusaders to its conquest by the Turks — a subject upon which little has been written and less known — is treated by Mr. Finlay with all the fulness which its scanty records admit, and all the severity which its often uncertain character requires. Of that history the empire of Trebizond is an interesting episode, “almost unknown until Professor Fallmerayer discovered the Chronicle of Michael Panaretos among the books of Cardinal Bessarion preserved at Venice.” With the exception of the short occupation of Greece by the Venetians, from 1685 to 1715, it languished under the Othoman yoke from 1453 to 1821, — without doubt the gloomiest, apparently the most hopeless, period in its history. But it is always darkest just before dawn. The Greek mind was undergoing purification. A new basis was preparing for a new career; and though the Greeks may have preferred the infidel Turks to the Catholic Venetians, this severance from the West was on the whole an advantage to Greece, for thus the ground was kept fallow, — free from the impurities of a struggling barbarism, ready for the flower of a riper civilization.

The revolution by which the Turk was driven from Greece is the last phase in the long career of the Greeks; and the history of it, as written by Mr. Finlay, must always be regarded as at once the most authentic and the most impartial. Few great historical writers have ever had an equal right to prefix to their work those words from the Antigone: —

Καὶ παρῶν ἐρῶ
Κοῦδέν παρήσω τῆς ἀληθείας ἔπος.

Himself an actor in the earlier, and a clear observer of the later scenes; a man of sound judgment, not brought up to pedantry, and never misled by enthusiasm; clear-headed and cautious; with a profound love of truth, and ready to assert it at the expense of friend or foe, — Mr. Finlay combines qualities seldom united. He is at once a trustworthy witness, and an unbiassed critic. In the quiet years which have elapsed since the stormy period of the revolution, he has had time to investigate, to compare, and to be convinced. Though he

may not always succeed in satisfying us touching the grounds of his judgment, there is always manifest in him that instinct of the true historian which never fails to lead to a judgment substantially just. Mr. Finlay loves Greece and her cause with his whole heart; but he is too conscientious, too great, to indulge in panegyric when his duty summons him to condemn. No one who has studied the Greek character from the first days to the last, no one even with any knowledge of the special subject of the revolution, can fail to observe how philosophically, how exactly, Mr. Finlay's analysis and exposition of the causes and events of the war of independence exhibit and develop the real character of the Greeks, or fail to recognize how many features in that character must be essentially changed before the Greek can make good his claim, in the eyes of Western Europe, to fulfil at last the mission with which he started in the world thirty centuries ago. Nor will Western Europe take the bitter and revengeful temper which the Greek is quick to show when his dark side is turned to the light as an earnest of his zeal to reform.

One of the most striking features of the revolution, brought out with singular clearness by Mr. Finlay, was its utter failure to develop anywhere great abilities or remarkable characters. It was a revolution begun and carried out solely by the people. The leaders, instead of concentrating and directing, seem to have done their best to divide and harass their efforts. All the faults of the Greek character, aggravated by centuries of subjection to a powerful and relentless foe, seem to have started into sudden and frightful activity. Rapacity, cruelty, murder, — treachery, cowardice and hate, — plunder, piracy, and lust, — no vice and no crime known to men are wanting to darken the memory of that desperate struggle. Yet side by side with all that festering iniquity are recorded some of the purest and most heroic deeds ever done upon earth. At Thermopylæ the best warrior was a Greek, and when at last he fell into the hands of the Turks, and they gave him his choice between apostasy or death on their bivouac fires, he exclaimed, without hesitation, "Bring your gridirons," — and was roasted alive.*

* Thiersch, *De l'État actuel de la Grèce*, &c., II. 123.

The proximate cause of the Greek revolution has been ascribed both to the rebellion of Ali Pasha of Joannina, and to the society formed for the regeneration of Greece known as the Philike Hetairia, and composed, as Mr. Finlay remarks, of bankrupt merchants and intriguing adventurers, who proposed to efface the memory of the Sicilian Vespers by a general massacre of the Mussulmans of Constantinople. But neither of those causes, alone or together, satisfactorily explains it. With wiser insight Mr. Finlay says: "The fulness of time had arrived; the corruption and servility of the Greek race, which had retained it in a degraded condition from the time of its conquest by the Romans, had been expiated by ages of suffering under the Othoman yoke; and the Greeks felt prepared to climb the rugged paths of virtue and self-sacrifice." The number of the Greeks in the East has always been small compared with other nationalities, but it is not by quantity, if we may so say, but quality, that a nation obtains its influence, and exerts its power. The superiority of the Greeks in European Turkey was both ecclesiastical, intellectual, and commercial. They had diffused the orthodox faith throughout the largest part of its population; they had established schools in every considerable city in the East; their enterprising commerce kept them in constant contact with the freer and more active mind of the West; they were the only channels through which the ideas of Western Europe could be brought to the apprehension of the Eastern world. To the fatality and lethargy of the Turk they opposed the intensity of Christian conviction, and the activity and elasticity of the Christian civilization. As of old, they had a passion for knowledge; and toward the close of the last century they exhibited so general and rapid a revival of mental activity, as to excite the attention of reflecting men in the West. In commenting upon the subject before the Academy of Sciences at Munich, in 1812, Professor Thiersch insisted that a revolution was inevitable.

The difference of civilization has undoubtedly made us unjust in many respects to the Turk; Mr. Finlay has done a service to the truth in setting forth more clearly the original relation between the Greek and the Turk. There is a dis-

inction to be made also between the Turk and the Othoman. The Othoman rulers have often exhibited as much severity toward their Mussulman as toward their Christian subjects. The Greek was more likely to obtain justice from his bishop than the Mussulman from the *cadi*. Nor did the Othoman Sultan ever manifest toward the Greek heretics of his dominions that spirit of relentless hate which the Christian Emperors of the West formulized into a Holy Inquisition. The Turk had a vast and discordant empire to rule; in every province there was a different nationality. Despising all strange religions, he tolerated all. And if his system of administration had not been in so many respects like the Roman, he would not be, perhaps, to-day in that state of impoverishment and decay which made the Roman empire the easy prey of the first invader. The progress of civilization in the West has been to make religion a matter of individual taste. In the East, it is the preserving element of nationalities. When the Greeks lost to a great degree what may be called their European consciousness, the Oriental element in their character became predominant; language gave place to religion as the test of nationality. He who belonged to the Greek Church, whether Albanian or Bulgarian, was both a Greek and a brother. The Greek ecclesiastics, wily and ambitious, have not neglected to avail themselves of this confusion, which they have done their best to increase, between nationality and orthodoxy. They dream of a restored Byzantium, and of a new empire of the Orthodox; and all political means are holy to an ecclesiastical end. But this delusion will come to an end. The latent antagonism between the Greek and all other nationalities in the East is gradually developing. His European character is asserting itself.

The great strength of the Greeks in the war of independence was to be found in the ancient seats of their race. Yet it is a curious fact, that a great deal of the fighting was done, not by Greeks, but by Albanians,—by the hardy warriors of Suli and the fearless sailors of Hydra. In that unhappy struggle in which Marco Botzares lost his life, a sacrifice to the envy of the Greeks, neither Greeks nor Turks had any part. It took place between two tribes of Albanians,

the orthodox Tosks, led by the Suliote Botzares, and the Catholic Gueghs. The Albanians, indeed, played an important part through the whole of the revolution. The descendants, it is now generally admitted, of the ancient Illyrians, who from the earliest ages have peopled the northern portions of Continental Greece, — a turbulent mountain race, eager to plunder, and ready to apostatize, — they have long furnished some of the best soldiers in the Othoman armies. They inhabit to-day as much as one fifth part of modern Greece, and their dress has been adopted, with a slight modification, as the national dress of the Greeks; even in Athens you may still hear their language among the children playing near the temple of Theseus or under the arch of Hadrian. In ancient times they were always regarded as inferior to the Greeks, and they have done little in modern times to redeem their reputation. It has been the fashion to invest the Klephts and the Suliotes with a certain romantic character, but that disappears under Mr. Finlay's critical examination. The former turn out to be only highwaymen and sheep-stealers, and the latter needy depredators upon occasion. Yet the very sadness of the Suliotes' story will never cease to fascinate us. Their home was a wild mountain district overlooking the black waters of the Acheron, at the mouth of which the ancients fancied that they had found the easiest entrance to the other world, so deadly was the malaria there; relying upon the inaccessibility of their fastnesses and their native hardihood, they could long defy the utmost efforts of Ali Pasha to reduce them; but their strength gave out at last, and they capitulated, — all except the priest Samuel, who had been their leader. He refused to surrender to a man whom no oath could bind, and, retiring into the powder-magazine with a lighted match, perished in the explosion; while the women, finding Ali faithless to his promises, flung their children from the cliffs, and then jumped over the precipice after them, preferring death to captivity and dishonor. For sixteen years the Suliotes wandered in exile; recalled at length to aid the Turks in putting down the rebellion of Ali, they made a secret treaty with him by which they regained possession of their old home; but again unable to

cope with the armies which the terror of their name drew upon them, they were compelled to withdraw; yet not till they had made their name and their memory a part of the history of the Greeks forever.

The character of Sultan Mahmud, as drawn by Mr. Finlay, is a striking instance of his power and his impartiality. It is difficult for a European to treat a Turk fairly,—difficult to overcome his latent conviction that, by the mere force of the term, a Turk is at once a savage and a despot. Sultan Mahmud was both, but both on principle. There was a certain grandeur in his cruelty,—something almost to be respected in his intense, if remorseless, striving to arrest the decline and renew the strength of his ancient empire. The contumacy of Pashas and the disobedience of provinces were undermining that system of centralization by which it had been built up, and so long held together. Calm, unfathomable, fanatic, his great purpose, long matured, at last revealed itself. To break down all privileges, and to annihilate all authority which stood between him and his subjects, was a vast and dangerous scheme,—it accorded fitly with his imperious and audacious character. The terrible energy of fatalism was in all he did. To slay the Janissaries and to exterminate the Greeks were equally parts of the holy work which he was enthroned upon the Bosphorus to do. The mystery of such a character is beyond the common judgment of men. Sylla and Sultan Mahmud II. may have been great monsters, but it was by system, and for an object,—sacred, irresistible. To what degree the latter succeeded it is not time yet to judge. He began the work of reform, and that work seems to be still going on, if fitfully. But whether the Turkish empire is to be reformed, or swept away, is one of those inscrutable problems which baffle alike curiosity and speculation. If the Turk be assailed as barbarous, it cannot be claimed for the Greek that he is wholly civilized. The one or the other is to give way; but whether a reformed Paleologus or a civilized Othoman is to sit on the throne of Constantine, is known only to Him in whose keeping are the destinies of nations and the hearts of men.

The Greek war of independence was of a desperate and san-

guinary character. It was meant from the first to be a war of extermination. At the outbreak of the revolution, in April, 1821, at least twenty thousand Mussulmans were living dispersed in Greece. Before two months were past, the greater part were massacred, without mercy and without remorse. But the fury of the Turks was not less intense or less barbarous; and their revenge might have been as complete and as appalling in the Peloponnesus as in the unhappy island of Chios, if the battle of Navarin in 1827, between the Turks and the allied powers of England, France, and Russia, had not put an end forever to the naval power of the Porte. The formal recognition of Greece was not long delayed. After eight years of determined and heroic, if often bloodthirsty and ferocious struggling, the independence of the Greeks was acknowledged in 1829.

Exactly one generation has passed away since that event; and the condition of Greece is still one of disquiet and discontent. Yet for that the Greeks seem to us rather to be commended than blamed; it is a token at once of those noble aims and that restless activity without which a nation can never move on to greatness. Politically, indeed, Greece is a kingdom, but from the beginning it has lacked a king. The creation of the three great powers of Europe, not from any impulse of generous sentiments, but the calculation of interests and the balancing of fears, it has never ceased to be the theatre of their painful rivalries in being educated to be the tool of their ultimate designs. Its territory was unfairly restricted at the outset,—the kingdom of Greece as now constituted being but a small part of ancient Greece. There are more Greeks out of Greece than in it, and no inducements whatever have ever been held out to the former to gather again in the ancient homes of the race. The country is poor, and the effort of the government seems to have been to make it poorer. The genius of the people has been wholly misunderstood, or wilfully disregarded, from the beginning. Capodistrias, their first President, is charged, indeed, with a deliberate, if honest, intention to paralyze the mind of the nation, in order to sustain his own despotic power,—with prohibiting Plato from being read in the college established

almost in view of the site of the Academy where the great Athenian philosopher once instructed the civilized world and the after ages.* It reminds us how, from his republic, Plato would also have banished Homer. Yet the despotism of Capodistrias could hardly have been worse than that of King Otho, who now for almost thirty years has stolidly kept the Greeks from a government adapted either to the necessities of their position or the peculiarities of their character. For ten years he governed without a constitution, till in 1843 one was extorted from him in a bloodless revolution. They have tried him with that for twenty years, and now at length, even while we write these words, there comes over the sea the rumble of another revolution, — perhaps not bloodless, — which means, if it means anything, that King Otho has been thoroughly tried and found thoroughly wanting, — is in fact insufferable any longer; that the kingdom of Greece is not to be an appendage to the House of the Wittelbachs, but that the Greeks must struggle on to the consummation of their destiny, — as grand now as at the beginning, — in their own way, with a king of their own and ideas of their own, if they who developed the first will share in no inconsiderable degree in the grandeur of the last European civilization.

Our imperfect remarks do but little justice to the value of Mr. Finlay's work. Fuller justice and a more scholarly greeting would have been accorded to him upon the completion of his great undertaking by that kindred genius, now lost to us on earth, who so well appreciated and applauded him at the beginning.† Yet with the humble tribute we send across the sea there mingle for us some of the brightest memories of travel and companionship. We linger again on the Bema of Demosthenes, or stray among the ruins of the Acropolis with a kindly silver-haired old man, fresh with the earnestness of youth, wise with the seriousness of age, whose gracious presence and charm of speech will blend for us ever with the story

* Thiersch, *De l'État actuel de la Grèce*, &c., II. 121.

† We allude to the late distinguished President Felton of Harvard University; an article by whom on the first volume of Mr. Finlay's work, the *History of Greece under the Romans*, is to be found in the *North American Review*, Vol. LXII. pp. 1-22 (January, 1846).

of that illustrious race, whose fortunes during twenty centuries of foreign domination, — from which it has risen at last triumphant over time and over calamity, — he has traced and illustrated under the very shadow of the Parthenon, with a justice and wisdom which find their parallel only in Thucydides, who too may have finished his work on that very spot, and who, it may be added, like George Finlay, fought in his youth in the sacred cause of the country of which in his age he was to be the great historian.

ART. VIII. — AUERBACH'S WRITINGS.

1. *Joseph im Schnee, Eine Erzählung.* Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'scher, Verlag. 1860.
2. *François le Champi.* Par GEORGE SAND. Nouvelle Edition. Paris. 1858.

IN her Introduction to the story of *François le Champi*, George Sand discusses most agreeably the question, whether the simple stories and ways of peasant life can best be told by the peasants themselves, or whether the more cultivated intellect has the advantage in relating them. It is a question to which she does not attempt to give a definitive answer, where discussion draws a part of its charm from the fact that we would not settle it if we could. Of what advantage to decide in favor of the one, to the exclusion of the other? We could not spare George Sand's stories of peasant-life, those of Auerbach, of Gotthelf, and others, from our literature, any more than we could give up Robert Burns, Jasmin, or the many unnamed story-tellers that light up village firesides, or sailors' stories, or mountain tales. In the words of the poet, "Both is as good as one."

With every advance in intellectual cultivation we wish to claim the simpler joys, as well as all those we are gaining, and prize our quiet meadow scattered over with buttercups, and roadside lighted up with dandelions, along with all descriptions and pictures that strive to paint the same.

It is, indeed, the possibility of retaining this simpler joy along with the more cultivated pleasure of reflecting upon what we enjoy, that Madame Sand touches upon in her Preface : —

“ We were returning from walk, R. and myself, by the light of the moon, which silvered faintly our path across the sleeping country. It was an autumn evening, warm, and softly veiled. We noticed the sonorousness of the air at this season, and the indescribable mystery that reigns at this time over all nature. One would say that, at the approach of the deep sleep of winter, every being and thing composes itself stealthily to enjoy one remnant of life and animation before the fatal benumbing of the frost. And all beings and things of nature — as though they would elude the step of time, as though they feared to be interrupted and surprised in these last frolics of their feast-day — proceed noiselessly and without activity to their nocturnal orgies. The birds send out stifled cries, instead of their joyous trumpet-notes of summer; the insect in the furrow sometimes allows an indiscreet exclamation to escape him; but immediately he interrupts himself, and hastens to carry his song or plaint to another point of call. The plants hasten to exhale a last perfume, as much more sweet as it is more subtle and restrained. The leaves, turning yellow, scarcely dare to tremble at a breath of air, and the flocks feed silently, without cry of love or comfort.”

It is in the midst of this quiet and quieting landscape, of this “ melancholy and pleasing *andante* of nature,” as Madame Sand describes it, “ leading admirably to the solemn *adagio* of winter,” that the discussion takes place.

“ ‘ All this is so calm,’ said my friend, who, notwithstanding our silence had been pursuing the same thoughts with myself; ‘ all this is so calm, all this appears absorbed in a reverie so foreign and so indifferent to the labors, the foresights, and the cares of man, that I ask myself what expression, what color, what manifestation of art and poetry, could human intellect give, at this moment, to the appearance of nature? And better to define to you the object of my research, I compare this evening, this sky, this landscape, dim, yet harmonious and complete, to the soul of a wise and religious peasant, who labors and profits by his labor, who enjoys that life which is fit for him, without the want, without the desire, and without the means of expressing his inner life. I strive to place myself in the heart of this rustic and natural life, civilized as I am, — I who know not how to enjoy through instinct alone, and who

am always tormented with a desire to render account to others and to myself of my contemplation or my meditation.

“‘And then,’ continued my friend, ‘I seek with some difficulty what relation may be established between my intellect, which is too active, and that of the peasant, which does not act at all; in the same way I now ask myself what can painting, music, description, the translation of art, in short, — what can these add to the beauty of this autumn night, which reveals itself to me through a mysterious reticence, and which penetrates, I scarcely know by what magical communication.’”

We do not follow the whole course of the conversation, but give some extracts from it, by way of illustration.

“‘You ask nothing less than the secret of art; seek it in the bosom of God, for no artist will reveal it to you. He does not know himself, and could never give account of the causes of his inspiration or his powerlessness. How must one set to work to express the beautiful, the simple, the true? Do I know? And who could teach us? The greatest artists could not, because if they sought to do it they would cease to be artists, they would become critics; and criticism —’

“‘I call in doubt the power of art, I scorn it, I annihilate it, I declare that art is not born, that it does not exist, or that, if it has lived, its time has passed. It is used up, it has no longer form, it has no longer inspiration, it has no longer means to sing the tune. Nature is a work of art; but God is the only artist who exists, and man is but a composer, — in ill taste, too. Nature is beautiful; feeling exhales from every pore; love, youth, beauty, are imperishable there. But man has only absurd means and miserable faculties with which to feel and express them. It would be much better if he did not mix himself up with it all, if he were silent, and shut himself up in contemplation.’

“‘That pleases me, and I would ask nothing better,’ I replied.

“‘Ah!’ he cried, ‘you go too far, and you enter too completely into my paradox. I ask for an answer.’

“‘I will answer that a sonnet of Petrarch’s has its relative beauty, which is equivalent to the beauty of the waters of Vaucluse; that a fine landscape by Ruysdael has its charm, which is equivalent to that of this very evening; that Mozart sings in the language of men as well as Philomel in that of birds; that Shakespeare gives force to passions, sentiments, and instincts, such as the most primitive and truest man is sensible of. This is art, the bond of union, — sentiment, in short.’”

By way of conclusion to the argument, George Sand offers the story of *François le Champi*, to be written by her as

nearly as possible in the words of the peasant-women and laborers who told it to her, as a test whether it is indeed possible so to convey the simplicity of the original. The result is one of her most charming stories, in the manner of *La Petite Fadette*, *La Mare au Diable*, etc., stories of peasant life, most gracefully written, full of pleasing pictures, of warm sentiment, in a style so agreeable that one does not care to question whether it is artistic or of natural growth.

But the preface to *François le Champi* shows it to be the result of artistic thought, and preface and story together betray the variety of power that George Sand possesses, — her keen judgment, quick appreciation of character, force of argument, and clearness in expression, with a love of art that does not blind her love of nature. She has a penetrating eye, that looks below the surface; but she loves, too, the beauty that is scattered over the surface, so that she can make precious all that she writes, not only with jewels fetched from mines, but with wayside flowers.

There is something of the same variety in Auerbach's writings. There is a deeply penetrating thought and subtle philosophy in some of his earlier books, that does not show itself so clearly in his later and more popular writings. For these are of a lighter nature, little stories of village life that remind us of George Sand. His *Dorfgeschichten*, indeed, are sad in their tone. There is a want of cheerfulness about them. In their faithful picturing there is brought in so much of the unkind bickering and quarrelling, in little villages, of families living closely with each other, that the impression left from them is painful.

Spinoza and *Dichter und Kaufmann* are of the more serious style to which we have alluded. *Spinoza* forms a sketch of the life of the famous philosopher, the facts being woven into a slight romance. Of course there is no effort to present the philosophy of Spinoza; but in the history of his life, in the conversations where he is represented, very many of the features of it are brought forward.

Dichter und Kaufmann is founded also upon fact, — upon the facts of the life of Kuh. Ephraim Moses Kuh was one of the minor German poets of the last century. He was born

a Jew, and Auerbach, himself born of Jewish parents, takes this opportunity to introduce many interesting facts with regard to the modern Jews. In the beginning of *Spinoza* he brings in some of the old Jewish traditions of their oppression in Spain; and in *Dichter und Kaufmann* he gives a vivid picture of the disabilities under which the Jews were living in the middle of the last century. Kuh, who could not consent to become a Jewish man of letters, or to make a merchant of himself, as his father desired, would gladly have thrown off all appearance of being a Jew, to escape from the odium which was placed upon all of his class, and which his fancy heightened. The happiest part of his life was spent in Berlin, in the days of Moses Mendelssohn, and in the literary circle that formed itself round Mendelssohn, at a period when a love for classic literature was at its height, — when to Klopstock was given the name of Homer, Lessing was called Sophocles, Ramler Horace, and Kuh himself received the name of Martial from his epigrammatic verses, whilst Mendelssohn, from his study and rendering of Plato, and from his philosophic spirit, earned the name of that great philosopher. Kuh was received kindly by this circle of poets, and lived in the mercantile house of an uncle; but here, what with his boundless generosity and the passion he had for spending money on favorite books, he exhausted all his fortune. He set out upon a long journey, a deep melancholy settled upon him, and finally he passed many years in madness.

All this sad history is told in very clear, finished German language, quite different from that of the *Dorfgeschichten*, which shares the dialect of the scenes in which its stories are placed. There is much deep thought in this book, and its delineations of real characters, of the poets of the day, render it very interesting. But, as we have suggested, the tone that it leaves behind is a sad one.

Barfüssele and *Joseph im Schnee* are more genial, and are lively in their coloring. *Barfüssele* has already been made familiar here by the agreeable translation of it by Mrs. Lee, published a year or two ago in Boston.

Joseph im Schnee is a village story, telling how the little boy Joseph was lost in the snow, and how all the men of the

village turned out to find him. A pretty motto serves as introduction.

“ ‘Here rests a child that in the woods was lost ;
We found him not, but the Good Shepherd found him,
And while we all were sleeping in the night,
He to his Father’s house has kindly brought him.’

“So is it written upon a little cross in the churchyard of Walddorf. And very nearly was the sad epitaph repeated ; but a kindly fate awaited Joseph. He has only preserved the name of ‘Joseph in the Snow,’ and his wandering way became the way-pointer, or guide-post, to much happiness out of much misery.”

One of the characters in this story is one exceedingly familiar to New England and New England story, — the seamstress that goes from house to house, appreciated, yet dreaded.

“The seamstress, Leegart, is of a delicate, pale, truly genteel appearance, already in years, but one sees in her traces of a former beauty ; besides, she carries herself lightly and jauntily. Her black cloth jacket is buttoned only at the throat, from there it is free and open, showing a broad, snow white handkerchief. Whoever does not know it, would scarcely observe that she takes, at times, a little pinch of snuff. Nobody ever sees her snuff-box, and she takes her pinch so quickly and elegantly, that she scarcely touches with her fingers her finely pointed nose.

“Leegart laid down her scissors with the large and the little handles near a smaller pair of scissors, the needle-book, and bit of wax, and the toilette cushion, too, in the bottom of which a heavy brick was concealed, all upon the table. And here she took possession of the house, and ruled it as from a firm throne, from which she did not rise the whole day long.”

And all day, and when evening came, through all the terror and tumult that rose from the loss of the boy Joseph, Leegart sewed on, in spite, too, of the anxious cries of his mother.

“ ‘O Leegart ! Leegart ! How can you, for God’s sake, keep on sewing ? There she sits sewing still on the jacket, and the boy is dead.’

“ ‘I have heard nothing of it, I cannot let myself be disturbed. I have heard nothing of it ; what you say is not true ; I repeat it, there is no truth in it. Now you know I am not superstitious ; nothing is more stupid in the world than superstition. But there is one thing that is certainly true, and it has reason in it too ; so long as one sews

or weaves for any human being, so long he cannot die. Once there was a king — ' and in the midst of the pellmell Leegart told the story of Ulysses and Penelope, with unusual changes, to be sure, — how this woman kept on sewing and weaving, and whatever she wove through the day she pulled out again at night, so that her husband, who had gone to America, was in this way kept in life.

"Leegart might have feared, not unjustly, that no one would listen to her in all the tumult. She acted very prudently. She went on with her story uninterruptedly, and sewed uninterruptedly, without looking up. When she had once sat down, she never got up till her appointed time came, and if she had begun a story, she told it out; and if the house were on fire, who knows whether she would have stirred! The fire, it is true, would have had respect enough to wait till Leegart was ready."

We are tempted to take some passages from Leegart's own story of how she was lost herself.

"But Leegart, as she waxed her thread, said: 'Yes, to be lost in the woods, that is a terrible thing. I could have something to tell about that; it happened to me once in my life; but I have had enough of "Once upon a time." Yet, for God's sake, never be persuaded to go a short way through the woods, if you do not know where it leads. The short way is the Devil's way. Is not that true? It is the short way that leads to the Devil. I think of it still, as if it were but yesterday, and who knows if poor Joseph has not taken the very same path? God forbid that he has taken that same path that I took! It was on Sunday after St. John's day, — no, on Monday, but it was a feast-day, — it was St. Peter's and Paul's, — we don't keep it, but the Catholics do. I set out from home in such fine weather, and had nothing with me but a velvet bonnet in a little handkerchief for Holdertaner's daughter in Wengern, — you know her? she that is now a widow. They say she is to marry a very young man from round Neustädt; she has been two Sundays already there, and has been keeping company with him. She is not a prudent woman to take up with so young a man. At that time she was bride of her first husband, who was brother's son to Heidenmüller, — the old Heidenmüller, I mean.'"

Leegart is almost as long in getting into the woods in her story, as she was in finding her way out, that St. Peter's and Paul's day. But at last she is in the woods.

"It is right cool in the woods. It is well that I am in the woods now, for it is beginning to grow hot in the sun; it must be already ten

o'clock, and here it is fresh morning still. When one has to sit so much, a walk does one good, and I was young then, and could spring like a colt. Under the hedge are plants of strawberries; I eat one or two, but do not stop long, but keep on. I go on and on, and can't tell how far, and see no way out, and the path goes sometimes up-hill, sometimes down. How is it? Am I on a blind road? They say in the forest, if one takes the wrong road, he is on a blind road. And so it is. The blind road is not for human beings. I never knew it before, but now I found it out, and paid dearly for the knowledge. Ah, thought I to myself, it is because the time seems to go slow; then, after sitting so much, any way would appear long to you. Still, I am tired, and sit down. There is a rustling and a little clatter, a dry twig falls from the tree; see, see, it is a squirrel! He clings to the branch of the tree, and peers at me with his wondering eyes, and points his nose. I look after him, as he scrambles back along the tree, and now there are two there; they play hide and seek with each other. How nimble! Now up, now down! I must say I take much pleasure in such little beasts, and I may thank my mother for it; a hundred times has she said to us, 'Children, mind everything, then you will take pleasure in all things, whether you are going or staying, and it costs nothing, and you do not know how much good you may get, if you only treasure whatever comes along.'

And a pretty pleasure it is to enjoy with Leegart whatever comes along, — the little hare that she wakes from its sleep, the thousand and thousand butterflies, the birds that she scares up in her path, even to the bone button that she picks up and puts in her pocket, and "that was well, for I had wholly forgotten I had a little bit of bread in my pocket; and it tasted finely, — no wedding feast ever relished better."

But now the way grows narrower.

"The path is so narrow that I have to push away the branches to get through, and it leads down deep, and steep as a roof. O dear God! if a bad man should come along now, and should rob you, and throw you down there, and nobody should ever find you again! No, no, I should say to him, Here, take everything that I have; here is my pewter thimble and fifteen kreutzers, — take all that I have, and let me go, and I will swear you an oath that I will never betray you. But must I keep such an oath? I think, on account of other travellers, I ought to tell what has happened to me, so that others need not be robbed in the same way. In my anguish I begin to sing, and if my head should

split for thinking, I cannot hit upon a single pious hymn, except 'The grave is deep and still,' and that is so sad. I sing gay songs, and lively airs, and yet my heart throbs with terror. God be thanked, now I am out; here is a wide, beautiful, even meadow. But how hot I am, fearfully hot. My cheeks burn, and I am wet as if just pulled out of the water. And over the meadow there is the humming of thousands and thousands of bees. O holy God! suppose you should step into a wasp's nest; and they should fly out, and over you, and you should be, as it were, intoxicated. My mother has told me how it is; one becomes just like a drunken man, and there is no help, if one does not spring directly into water. And there is no water here. Indeed, if there only were water, I have such a terrible thirst! But what is this? Does the path end? And up there it is so steep! And here are tremendously wild rocks. Am I among the rocks of Koskenthal, where, since the creation of the world, the foot of man has never been? There lie trunks of the finest trees, and decay there, and no man can fetch them away. Only the birds know how it looks up there. No, I cannot be so far away as that, but my path surely cannot lead up that way. I cry, Dear God, where am I? And an echo so awfully beautiful have I never heard before! Where am I? Where am I? Where am I? Surely it was repeated seven times, and exactly as though one tone were drawn out in heaven, far away, prolonged; it comes from the walls of rock, and the clefts; it sounds like clear music, as though one were singing the words, but with a longer breath than a man's. I call the name of all those whom I hold dear, and all who love me. I call and call, I hold all men dear; when one stands so in danger of death, all quarrels cease. I call and call, but no one hears me, not a human soul!"

The story of Leegart's wanderings meets with many interruptions, though, as the night passes on, the women who are waiting the return of their husbands and brothers from their search for the lost boy listen more attentively. Leegart keeps on sewing, she will not leave off, for it is very "sure and certain that child of man will not die so long as one is sewing for it." They listen as she tells how she followed the course of a stream, now dry, down its precipitous banks, tearing a "pair of shoes that cost two gulden, — not half of that should I earn by my bonnet I am carrying," — down, at last, into the valley.

"God be praised and thanked! here is the valley, and to be in the

valley is like being at home again. How the water rushes along, so kindly, so true, so satisfying; it has quenched my thirst just hearing and seeing it. Now I have got through the heaviest task, clambering down into the valley. And now I am in the valley, now for the first time can I stand up straight. The sweat runs down, one drop chasing another; I seat myself on the trunk of a tree that lies there, just by the broad beech where the hat-maker saw Joseph. O, how hot I am! A horse that has been galloping seven hours could not breathe harder. I would gladly tear off all my clothes, but it is cool in the valley. The sun is going down behind the mountains, and it was not near noon when I left home. I see swallows flying; O how glad they make me feel! And now I hear a cock crowing. No nightingale ever sings so sweetly as a cock, when one is lost. Lo, now I am again in the world! I hear a hen cackling; where there is an egg laid, there must be a woman to be glad. I hear a dog bark; where a dog barks, there must be a man on his way. I am again in the world. And now I hear the clatter of a mill. Where am I, then? I have not, all the time I was lost, wept in my anguish, but now that I was saved, now I saw plainly in what danger I had been, and wept, so that I think I must give way to it, and cannot check myself. Then fortunately comes along a woodcutter. I ask, Where am I?

"I go on my way towards the mill. But scarcely have I gone two hundred steps, when I see that I have left my bundle lying on the trunk of the tree,—the bundle that has cost me so much pains, and I have taken care of it with so much trouble. Dear Heaven! this too! Perhaps the woodcutter has stolen it, and I shall have to pay for the materials, instead of earning anything by it. I run back. Indeed, men are good and honest, if they don't know where a thing is lying. My little bundle had fallen behind the tree; there it was still.

"And when I came home again! O God! when one is lost so, one scarcely believes there is a home any longer; a place where your bed stands, your looking-glass, your table, chest-of-drawers, and hymn-book. But what good friends these are! And how dear they seem when one comes home, and one would like to thank the table and chair for standing and waiting there so still till one comes home again. And do you know what is the bitterest thing in being lost? That you only get laughed at when you tell about it. But I would not wish such a thing to happen to any one, not even Köttmänn's wife. And that was a beautiful summer day, the Sunday after St. John's,—no, not Sunday,—it was Monday, St. Peter's and Paul's. O, how must it be when one is lost in the snow, and by night! Then one can do nothing but lie down and die.

"O, I certainly am the most unfortunate person, that I can think things out so, and I do think them out; but it is so in our family, and it was not untrue what was said of my mother, that she knew more than to eat her bread."

As Leegart's story forms an episode in the course of the book, we have extracted more largely from it. There are other characters admirably drawn, among them the pastor and his wife. Of superior intellect to their parish, they are not merely the Sunday counsellors of their people, but the friends to whom they can apply in any difficulty. The pastor's sermon at the midnight service at Christmas is pithy, with an appeal to the simplest heart among his hearers.

It has been announced that in Berlin Meyerbeer has set some music for a spectacle piece, founded upon this pretty story, called "The Forest Queen." We can easily imagine it might lend some dramatic points to the stage, enhanced by the quaint and spirited music of Meyerbeer.

These simple village stories, varying in their local coloring, show how much alike is human nature beneath all its different aspects. There is one bond of human feeling, of which Auerbach speaks in his *Dichter und Kaufmann*, in his grander style.

"See, around this great earth, torn apart into a thousand hostile camps, there is drawn a girdle of light, into which all that is good enters. In the hand of the Infinite Father which you are holding, you hold and you are a link of that infinite chain, of which you know the beginning, but not its end. Far away in distant zones there lives a soul, there beat a thousand hearts, moved by the same desires that you are touched with; yet you never see these intimate faces, you never feel the throbbings of their hearts, so long as your earthly eye drinks in the light. Where you stand is holy ground, and you can joyfully cry, God and his angels above me, man at my side. If you wander alone through foreign cities and villages, fear not; let your heart say to you, Behind these walls, beneath this tumult, live men who strive for the good as you do, who love you as your brothers; and with this thought may you be happy!"

ART. IX. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THE controversy that has grown out of the "Essays and Reviews" makes the largest, if not the most important, chapter in the theological history of the time. A very curious and interesting feature of it is that it is going on at such length — calling in the help of secular powers too — within the boundaries of a Church that has fortified itself by no less than thirty-nine articles against the possibility of dissent. Judgments linger in the English courts; and we must wait till the November term, we are told, to learn whether the initiators of this debate are to be held Churchmen at all in the eye of the English law. Meantime, we have seen a memorial, from several men who have voluntarily withdrawn from holy orders, setting forth with much force the loss and disabilities they are under, not merely from the abandonment of their livings, but from rules which shut them out from almost every occupation, career, or ambition which can be open to an educated man. It is a cruel alternative set before a conscientious priest, who can no longer "willingly and *ex animo* subscribe" to all points of his church creed, to be either disqualified for his sacred office by the integrity of conscience that should be his help in it, or else disfranchised from every other by his vows of canonical obedience, by which he wishes no longer to be bound.

Mr. Maurice has suffered something himself from the domineering temper of "conformity," and is not without his human sympathies for sincere heretics. The volume published under his auspices* is unusually winning in its tone and interesting in its matter. It claims, quite earnestly, that the proscribed authors of the "Essays and Reviews" are good Christian men and faithful ministers of the Church, — more so, in fact, than would appear from their own argument. Its dissatisfaction is with the undertone of doubt, the tendency to dwell on difficulties and objections, the absence of positive qualities and moral earnestness in the work, that have struck all of us, more or less, just as they have struck these liberal and enlightened Churchmen. The fault was partly unavoidable. The "Essays and Reviews" are a protest against a certain style of bigoted dogmatism, — a protest thoughtful, scholarly, conscientious, timely. How minds of that temper may be reconciled to the teaching of the Church, how ecclesiastical fidelity may consist with intellectual liberty, seems to be the question met in the "Tracts for Priests and People." It is answered partly by the declarations of sincere and intelligent men, — like Mr. Hughes, — that they do believe in conformity with the creed, and find their mental peace in so believing; and partly by the argument that, what with a layman being bound by no creed at all (unless the Apostles'), and what with the liberty of interpreting which every clergyman may claim, no one need be

* Tracts for Priests and People. By Various Authors. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

a dissenter who does not choose. The book has not much critical pretension or scholastic value. It is an apology for the Church of England, with reasons why the conscience of a good man need not be troubled at remaining in it. No fair-minded reader can fail to be won by its tone of genuine conviction and kindly feeling. The argument on miracles, especially, is as fair and able as any that we have seen; and the plea that creeds are a protection *against* intolerance is cleverly sustained. The very liberal range of sympathy in the volume, with its special pleading for the Church of England, has rather a tendency to make the reader feel well satisfied with his position, either in that Church or out of it.

The other volume* is one of a good deal more bulk and pretension, more learning, and more weight of official authority. It also seems to us a good deal more genuine and consistent deduction from the postulates of Anglicanism,—the “forty stripes save one.” To its ability as a defence of rigid and high-toned orthodoxy, which it justifies by controversial handling of the cumbersome critical apparatus of modern learning, it is impossible for us to do justice in the space at our disposal. We have accordingly deferred to another number the discussion of these matters, together with the wider range of topics which the controversy has brought freshly before the public.

WHILE the Calvinist Guizot amazes and saddens his admirers by appearing as the apologist of despotism, and lending his influence to retain the unnatural union of spiritual and temporal power in the hands of the Pope, the most eminent of Roman theologians suddenly appears as the vindicator of Italian unity against the Papal power, and the apologist for Victor Emanuel.† For ten years Passaglia was the official organ of the Roman court, and its oracle in questions of religious science. When the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception was decreed, he was its appointed champion before the nations of Europe; and his subtile pleadings went far to meet objections and disarm rebellion. No priest has been admitted more intimately into the confidence of Pius IX., or has received from the Pope more numerous and valuable marks of friendship. His scholarship is large and exact, his manners are winning, his morals pure, his eloquence persuasive, and his zeal for the faith has always been unquestioned and unbounded. To have said a year ago that the most determined of Jesuits would have become a heretic or a schismatic, or would have furnished a book for the Index of the Sacred College, would have been to utter a charge most wildly improbable. If the Vatican had any trustworthy servant, any champion “without fear or reproach,” it was certainly Passaglia.

Yet this devoted champion is now an outcast from favor, is denounced

* Aids to Faith: a Series of Theological Essays by Several Writers. Being a Reply to “Essays and Reviews.” Edited by WILLIAM THOMPSON, Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† Pour la Cause Italienne, aux Evêques Catholiques. Apologie par un Prêtre Catholique (P. PASSAGLIA). Traduit du Texte Latin. Paris: Molini. 1861. 8vo. pp. 160.

as a presumptuous meddler and fool, is an exile from his Roman home, is denied a hearing by his former friend, and is disgraced as the author of a profane and prohibited book. He has not ceased to be a Catholic, a Jesuit, or a Papist. His words in his plea for the Italian cause are not words of protest against religious tyranny, but of almost servile obsequiousness to the spiritual supremacy of the successor of Peter. He protests that he has no thought of denying one iota of the Apostolic right, and that he is perfectly submissive to the will and sentence of his religious superiors. He is not a rebel, like Gavazzi, or even a reformer, like Ventura, but still a true and obedient son of the Church. All that he wishes to do is to show the bishops that the Church is strong enough to stand without temporal sway, and that this temporal sway forms no part of its original right and claim. The tone of his book is in no respect arrogant, but rather annoys by its excessive humility. Some of this may possibly be feigned, and the art of the Jesuit doubtless has something to do with it. But no one can doubt the general sincerity of the author's profession of submission to the Holy See, or can believe that his apologies disguise a latent heresy. He would be at once a Catholic and an Italian; but he is Catholic first, and if he is to take an alternative, he will be Catholic always. His Preface is the key to his faith, his desire, and his purpose. It is an argument in behalf of the right of a simple priest to advise the bishops whom he is bound to obey.

The main "Apology" is, in its construction, its style, its logical method, its winding ingenuity, and in the character of its illustrations, a fair specimen of Jesuit pleading. The drift of the argument does not appear until the conclusion is nearly reached. No one would suspect from the first sixty sections that any word is coming against the Pope's temporal power; rather the argument would seem to vindicate the Papal power throughout. Every point is fortified by quotations from the recognized patristic authorities, — from the words of Augustine and Cyprian in their controversy with heretics. It is only hinted that it were desirable, if possible, to save to the Church some who have been cut off; and we seem to see a plan presented for their restoration. Passaglia has merely arranged the testimonies of the great doctors, and wishes no praise for any original idea. And, as he told Cardinal Altieri in their amusing interview, if the "Sacred Congregation" condemns his book, they will condemn their own canonized teachers and saints, and condemn words which were used to refute heresy. The connection, indeed, of all these citations with the main point at issue seems not always clear, and it is rather an obscure logical process which makes Augustine an advocate of the citizenship of the head of Christendom. But it is easier to feel dissatisfied with the argument than to point out the flaw, and probably none of the judges of the Jesuit Father will be able to show where his plea is weak and defective. It is sprinkled over with axioms which have adhered to the substance, and cannot well be separated.

However obscure the argument, the conclusion, which we give in Passaglia's own words, is definite enough. "If there have been times

in which the conditions of human society have seemed to require the union of the civil power to the supreme Pontificate, the situation, both public and private, is so modified now, that nothing should be more desirable, for the Pontiff himself, than the separation of the sceptre and the keys, of the sacerdotal tiara and the royal diadem. This separation is unanimously called for by those who still (in spite of themselves and by foreign arms) are subject to the pontifical rule; it is unanimously called for by all the peoples of Italy, who cannot longer allow the new kingdom to be deprived of its capital, Rome; it is called for by the most civilized nations of Europe, convinced by arguments the most conclusive that the civil power can only injure religion and the supreme Pontificate, and even bring on their ruin. These dangers, from which neither the Church nor civil society can be freed, unless the soul of the Pontiff will hear the counsels of concord and peace, — these dangers require the *separation*. The mission of the supreme Pastor, too, requires it, as he should care in all things for the good of his flock. It is demanded, in fine, in the name of human and divine rights, by virtue of which we cannot help addressing to Pius IX. the same words which the African bishops addressed to Innocent I. Since the Lord, by a special gift of his grace, has placed you upon the Apostolic Seat, and has made you such that it would be easier to show our negligence if we hid from your Holiness what is good for the Church, than to suppose you would neglect our advice or take it in bad part, we come to beseech you with all a pastor's diligence, to deign to heed the grave perils which are threatening the weak members of Christ."

It is well at times, if we can, to view our own faith from a foreign stand-point, and to see ourselves as others see us. A good Christian may be edified by putting himself in the position of a fair-minded Jew. This the remarkable book of M. Joseph Cohen, one of the most practised and accomplished Israelite writers of France, enables us to do.* The title of the book, "The Deicides," — the murderers of God, — is certainly startling; but the invention of this is not to be charged to M. Cohen. It is of Christian origin; and it is the blasphemous insult which it offers to the Jewish people which has moved M. Cohen to his task of vindication. The immediate cause of this new attack upon the Jews is very honorable to that race. In the contributions for the relief of the suffering Christians of Syria, large offerings were tendered by the Hebrews of France. In fact, the Jewish offerings were earliest, and the idea of the contributions was suggested by Cremieux, formerly a member of the French Provisional Government. But two Catholic journals indignantly protested against receiving for the aid of *Christians* the impious gifts of "Deicides." Happily their fanatical protest did not hinder the donation; but the fact that it was made in such a form, moved the heart of a strong Jewish champion to defend his people against such a vile and monstrous charge.

* Les Déicides. Examen de la Divinité de Jesus Christ et de l'Eglise Chrétienne au Point de Vue du Judaïsme. Par J. COHEN. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1861. 8vo. pp. 399.

M. Cohen's book is not, in any sense, an argument against Christianity. He does not deny any doctrine of the creed, does not deny that Christ is God, or that the Gospel is a special revelation. He assumes, for the sake of the argument, the truth of the Evangelical narratives, as they stand in our common versions, taking the Vulgate throughout as authority, and quoting from it. His object is to show that the Jews who crucified Jesus did not know, and could not know, that they were *killing God*; that they acted in good faith, according to their light, and that they are not to be blamed for their act, much less their innocent descendants. By a careful examination of the Christian record, he finds that, while the Jews readily recognized Jesus as a prophet, they could discover in his acts, his words, and his life nothing which should identify him to their minds with God, or even with their expected Messiah. His miraculous birth was not revealed to them, either by the shepherds or the Magi, and was never alluded to by himself. He was recognized as a carpenter's son, and had sisters and brothers. All the signs which could seem to mark him as the Messiah were concealed from general knowledge. The disciples, when they learned from him that he was the expected Christ, were strictly forbidden to divulge the secret; and in answer to the repeated entreaties of the Pharisees, Jesus refused to say plainly that he was their Holy One. The miracles which seemed to prove that he came from God were only such as their own prophets had performed before, and merely repeated to the Jews the acts of Elijah and Elisha. M. Cohen cannot find any sign by which a Jew might recognize in Jesus the Son of God.

Beside this studied silence and secrecy, the conduct of Jesus seemed directly designed to make the Pharisees, the believing Jews, suspect and reject him. His words to them and about them were not only evasive, but highly insulting. He chose as his followers men of an inferior class, and associated with the obnoxious publicans. His friends and companions were not the sort of men to commend his pretension to be Messiah, much less to be God. He refused, too, the honors which the people would pay him. He predicted his death, uttering so a blasphemy, since the Messiah was to conquer, and God cannot die. Moreover, while most of his moral and religious teachings, most of the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, were repetitions of the teachings of the Law, the Prophets, and the Jewish traditions, some things which Jesus said were exceedingly repulsive to pious Jewish minds, — such as the *hating* of father and mother, — the damnation of all the rich, as such, — the servant becoming master, — and the advent of the kingdom of God as a time of war, and not of peace. What in the Gospel of Jesus was new would not seem to them true, and what was true would not seem to them new. This part of M. Cohen's argument is very ingenious, and the improved Sermon on the Mount which he constructs is certainly very harmonious with what we are apt to hear preached as enlightened Christianity.

Without denying the miracle of the resurrection, or rejecting it because of the conflicting accounts of the four Evangelists, M. Cohen

shows that the Jews evidently knew nothing of it; that for some time all knowledge of it was confined to the disciples, and that when it was preached, it rested on the veracity of these preachers. From his own point of view, he certainly makes out a perfect case, and shows that it is preposterous to accuse the Jews of wilful wickedness in their treatment of Jesus. Against the legal plea of M. Dupin, he maintains that Jesus was lawfully condemned as a blasphemer, — that the words which he repeatedly uttered were blasphemous, according to the Jewish Law.

The second part of this curious book is devoted to a refutation of the double argument that the Jews ought to have been convinced of the Deity of Christ, both by the triumph of Christ's religion in the world, and by their own disaster and misery as a people. In the first place, M. Cohen shows that the triumph of Christianity is explained by natural causes, and that it needs no assumption of divine intervention to account for its slow progress. Its methods were human, its fortunes human, and it grew like other religions. A Jew can see in the propagation of the Gospel no such miraculous agency as he sees in the rapid deliverance of his people from Pharaoh and in the Law given from Sinai. In the second place, the woes and persecution of the Jews are traced to natural causes, and are shown to be much more the result of human passion and cruelty than of the Divine displeasure.

This is a very inadequate notice of an admirable book, the tone of which is temperate, charitable, elevated, and sincere, in which we have found little to censure, and which as a vindication is conclusive. We are not quite ready, however, to believe that all that the author says in praise of Jesus will be approved by his Jewish brethren.

THE REV. John Lamb's course of "Hulsean Lectures"* have added nothing valuable to theological science. His argument is as superficial as his scholarship is defective and his conclusions are feeble. The orthodoxy of his soul is painfully obtrusive, and he is either too pious or too timid to be free. The "seven words" which he discusses are the seven charges brought against Jesus by his "cotemporaries, of blasphemy, of treachery to Judaism, of Sabbath-breaking, of worldliness, of keeping low company, of treason to Cæsar, and of serving Satan." Mr. Lamb finds that all these charges had their root in "prejudice," that no one of them was any good reason why Jesus should be rejected, and that he ought to have been accepted, in spite of the apparent justice of the charges. The verdict of the reader, we think, after fairly weighing his plea, will not be quite so positive. In regard to the charges of "blasphemy" and Sabbath-breaking, it is impossible to condemn the feeling of the Pharisees, unless we condemn the whole Pharisaic system too; and the fourth and fifth charges the Saviour himself allowed. The accusations of treason to Judaism, treason against Cæ-

* The Seven Words spoken against the Lord Jesus: or an Investigation of the Motives which led his Cotemporaries to reject Him. Being the Hulsean Lectures for the Year 1860. By JOHN LAMB, M. A., Senior Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, and Minister of St. Edward's, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1861. 8vo. pp. xvi., 136.

sar, and Satanic possession, are certainly not just; but for the others, there is reason, sufficient, at least, to justify the Jews on their own ground. In regard to the necessity of miracles as the evidence of revelation Mr. Lamb is quite heretical. He thinks that too much has been made of that argument. He is constrained, too, to differ from the Puritanic notion of the Sabbath. His heresies, nevertheless, are very mild, hesitating, and apologetic. And he atones for any divergence from the approved standard by his application of the doctrine of each lecture to a class of offenders of the present day. He finds that these same words of objection are spoken now against Jesus, and with less excuse than when they were first spoken. Those who say now that Christ *blasphemes* are the "humanitarians"; the Unitarians speak the first word against the Lord. Those who say now that Christ was not a good Jew, are the men who hold that the Lord's Supper is only a *memorial*, and baptism only the sign of admission to the Church. Those now call Christ a Sabbath-breaker who make the whole of the fourth Commandment binding upon Christians. Of course the austere haters of all amusement complain still that Christ is too *worldly*, and the "exclusive" close communion brethren find fault because he associates with "publicans and sinners." The men who see in Christ a political rebel are those who would sustain the truth by the secular arm and art, and believe in the alliance of Church and State. And lastly, those who would ally Christ with Satan are the men who in any form deny or reject the miracles.

BIOGRAPHY.

No one, perhaps, of the four great nations whose struggles have developed, and whose power has diffused, our present civilization, presents in its history so many brilliant epochs as France. Often the leader, sometimes the victim of revolutions, her history is but a sadder, more startling illustration of the unchanging law, that the conflict of ideas is not to be less a fruitful source of misery because it is the permanent condition of progress. The historical painter and the philosophical thinker both find in it congenial and original subjects. Ranke has approached it in the spirit of an inquirer, without a prejudice and without a theory. That exhaustive method, severe and obedient to control, which early established his reputation as one of the greatest historians of his country and of the age, is applied to the history of France with new vigor and with fresh results. His work, begun in 1852, is now brought to a close. A translation into English of the first two volumes appeared in the same year, but we do not know whether it has been continued. Its title was: "Civil Wars and Monarchy in France, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. A History of France principally during that Period. By Leopold Ranke. Translated by M. A. Garvey. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1852." It is not, however, till the third volume that the author reaches the sixteenth century,—to discuss the character and policy of Mazarin, to analyze and explain the troubles of the Fronde, and to explore the origin and set forth the extent of the

power of Louis XIV. In the fourth volume the chief topics are, naturally, the War of the Spanish Succession, the Regency of Cardinal Fleury, and the Reign of Louis XV. It is of the fifth volume only that we propose to say a word.*

It consists of *analecta*, or a collection of extracts from unpublished material, to illustrate the history of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, — a book which no writer out of Germany of so great a reputation as Ranke would for a moment have thought of publishing as a part of a work which was to sustain and extend his fame. Yet it is a fit sequel to the previous volumes; and, as sifting the sources of our knowledge of those two important centuries, of not inferior interest to one who will dare at times to confess his own ignorance and form his own judgments. Tiraboschi says there never was a period when they drove history as they did in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when, adds Ranke, the great writers were chiefly Italian, as in the eighteenth they were chiefly French. Of Davila's history of the civil wars in France from 1560 to 1597, twenty thousand copies were sold during the first year of its publication; — little read now, perhaps, it was yet a remarkable book. There is hardly an historian, says Ranke, who possesses in higher degree the gift of narrating in a lively way what he thoroughly understood. In our days the historical method is altered. "It is an objective representation we seek, both of particulars and generals; at once the reproduction and philosophy of events"; and Ranke's criticism upon Davila is a fair example of the method and the merits of the modern historical school, of which he is, if not the founder, at least one of the most striking representatives.

The reports of the Venetian ambassadors to the Senate of Venice, the value of which Ranke learned early to appreciate, are certainly among the most remarkable materials for the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the whole of which they cover in unbroken series. Clear-headed, sagacious observers, crafty politicians, adroit courtiers, nothing that was passing at the courts to which the ambassadors of Venice were accredited could escape their notice or baffle their curiosity; and it is round the courts for the most part that the history of those centuries is made to revolve. The purposes of kings, the feelings of peoples, the state of trade, the chance of war, the scandal and calumny of the day, the character of every favorite, and the resources of every minister, are all reported, examined, discussed. Ranke gives many extracts from those relating to France, from Zaccaria Contarini in 1492 to Piero Venier in 1695, and they are among the most curious parts of his, on the whole, rather curious volume.

In the National Library at Paris is preserved, in four manuscript volumes, a history of the years 1634–38; Ranke finds in it a work known in the seventeenth century as the *Memoirs of Father Joseph*; and he communicates an extract from it, not a lively one, touching the sect of the *Illuminati*. The French have always been remarkable for their

* *Französische Geschichte vornehmlich im Sechzehnten und Siebenzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von LEOPOLD RANKE. Fünfter Band. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1861.

numerous and amusing memoirs, — the Germans are not less remarkable for doggedly reading and copiously criticising them. Ranke's criticisms upon those of Cardinals Retz and Richelieu are among the clearest and the keenest with which we have ever occupied or wearied our leisure; while the mass of extracts which he is kind enough to furnish us, entertaining as they are when you become familiar with the style and catch their spirit, from the letters of Elizabeth Charlotte, a German princess, wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans and brother of Louis XIV., to her sprightly friend Sophie, wife of the Elector of Hanover, extending through many years, — from 1672 to 1707, — afford one a useful insight into the sort of labor which he must endure, in this slough of ages, who will compass a history from original sources, and, dwelling in the past, be in it, but not of it.

In the matter of thorough criticism, we are apt to regard the efforts of German scholars with a deference at once profound and superstitious. It was, therefore, not without painful apprehensions that we found Ranke laying hands upon St. Simon. There are certain weaknesses pardonable in all men, — none more allowable than your implicit faith in the veracity of a writer whose lively converse has often helped you through a gloomy day, or it may be charmed a sleepless hour. With him so long familiar, — whose many volumes were never enough, — with the clever, witty, not always decorous St. Simon, who seemed to love to take us from this throbbing age of ours, and its often baffled hopes, over the years and over the sea, back to the festive court of that stately old monarch whom we like so much to slander, where if there was a good deal of vice there was a vast deal of wit, where men could sneer at the Church, or the favorites, yet believe in France and the king, and where if it was the fashion to die for a point of honor or the right of entering a room before you, it was also the fashion to do great deeds and to win great names, — with this cheery old friend of ours, what has the unutterable German to do?

Reading the *Memoirs of Bassompierre* one July day in 1694, in the camp in which he was serving, St. Simon resolved to imitate his example. He was nineteen years old when he set about his secret task, but we infer from occasional passages that it was not for more than fifty years afterwards that his work was put into the form in which, many years after his death, it was delivered to us. "An inexhaustible magazine," as Ranke rightly calls it, "for the epoch which it embraces"; but that epoch is not, as by a strange blunder he represents, from 1692 to 1742, but to 1723, beyond which the *Memoirs* do not extend. Upon the character of St. Simon we are all agreed. Marmontel was perhaps a little severe when he said that St. Simon saw in the nation only the nobility, in the nobility only the peerage, and in the peerage only himself. Villemain, on the other hand, may have as little right to compare him with Tacitus as Sainte-Beuve to call him the spy of his age. "I have dreamed only of exactitude and the truth," says St. Simon himself, with a certain solemnity, at the close; "they are the law and the soul of my work, and on their behalf I may claim a gracious indulgence for the style." But Ranke will have it the other way. The narrative is to be pardoned for

the style; and it is certainly a curious inquiry into which he conducts us, how far the peculiarities of St. Simon's temper and character have affected his truthfulness. The criticism is able, but its severity seems sometimes unfounded. That his personal sympathies and antipathies may often influence his judgment, is not to be doubted; but we are not ready to admit that they control them so far as to destroy their value as an original source of historical truth. In going behind St. Simon, as it were, as Ranke ingeniously does, you may correct many errors, reform many judgments, but the work itself still remains, as Ranke will not be the last to acknowledge, the most remarkable product of the age which it portrays, — picturesque and brilliant, witty and wise, with a certain undertone of presentiment that these things they enjoyed and laughed at, these festivities and these vices, this magnificence built on poverty, and this smiling despotism founded in wrong and held up by superstition, could not last always, though of that awful whirlwind which in the after years was to sweep from the face of the earth this feudal age, culminating here in the court of Louis XIV., there was no suspicion and could be no fear.

To the illustration of this age Michelet adds another of his tantalizing volumes,* which deal with long periods by hasty sketches and allusions, interspersed here and there with bits of personal biography and private scandal, that belong rather to the memoir or the pamphlet than to the elaborate standard work his claims to be. In spite, however, of the baffled hope with which we take up each volume as it comes, we are sure to find something in it which no ordinary delver in old annals could give. A man of passion and sentiment, with a brooding sympathy for the people, and a cynic hate of their oppressors, he throws what is painful, humbling, or heroic in the story into a keen and often lurid light. The present volume deals with the five and twenty years of the decline of the "grand siècle," the dreary sequel of the "Revocation." The industry of France was crippled, and its public spirit destroyed. A frightful system of taxation took from the poor in a hundred-fold greater ratio than from the rich. The court and the army swallowed everything. In the last campaigns there was no pay for the troops, but soldiers were hired by the hope of rapine and license, — hence the ravage of the Palatinate and the sack of Heidelberg; at times there was even no food for them, only men on the march had food once in two days. The one able minister, Louvois, is driven off by court jealousy, and France is ruled by miserable feminine intrigues. The proud Church of France is divided by the vindictive feud of Jesuit and Jansenist, and sapped by the wretched sentimental parodies of the "Sacred Heart." The most curious and the most painful chapter in the religious history of the time tells of that "miracle of despair," the preaching children in the Cevennes. A century and a half of persecution, and the desolations of exile, had broken the heart of the brave

* *Histoire de France au Dix-Septième Siècle. Louis XIV. et le Duc de Bourgogne.* Par J. MICHELET. Paris: Chamerot.

Huguenots, so that many a man was driven to conformity to save his wife and children. Then little children became witnesses of the Lord's truth and judgments, to the shame of their fathers' recreancy. To starve or scourge them availed nothing; "the child under the blows spoke so well, and with so terrible a gravity, that often the father in tears was suddenly transformed. He despised the torture, and began to prophesy." The magistrate could "contrive no other way to stop the contagion, than great *razzias* of children. These little creatures, some not more than five years old, were dragged away in troops, — the elder to the galleys, three hundred of the younger to prison." Hence the strange and hopeless revival of Protestantism militant, the insurrection of the Cevennes. As usual, the Church sharpened the sword and shaped the policy of persecution. The Pope gave plenary indulgence to the hunters of these poor refugees; the supplies coming from the Protestants of the North were dispersed at sea; the chief of the insurrection destroyed himself; and, with the help of scaffold and rack, peace reigned once more in Languedoc. These tragical episodes of French history have been told by none, within our knowledge, with so terrible fidelity as by Michelet; and no other historian has so clearly traced the terrors of the Revolution to the inextinguishable memories they left behind.

Two volumes more of this work are promised, to span the intervening period, down to the time when the author's history of the Revolution takes it up.

WHAT the historian notices incidentally in his sketch of Fénelon, of Madame Guyon, and the curious record of the "Sacred Heart," is set forth keenly and dramatically by the essayist who vindicates the memory of the philosophers in their controversy with the Church.* M. Lanfrey's book is brilliant, compact, full of the sort of interest which comes from personal motive and polemic temper. A writer is a little hard-pushed, who must take for his heroes the great names of French philosophism, — Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and Rousseau. Yet there is an element of heroism, also, in what they were and what they did. It is one of the most ungracious of historical tasks, no doubt, to expose the crimes and abuses of the Christian Church. Yet it is a task that must be done, and with something of a partisan spirit too. Two generations have not passed since the Gallic Church saw its time of tribulation and persecution. The assaults and buffetings it suffered then had the effect, in men's eyes, to identify it with that system of Christian truth and morals so bloodily and insolently assailed in the Reign of Terror. But that church had left nothing undone that could court the terrible recoil. No story of bigoted hypocrisy is more damning than that which M. Lanfrey has given, in some detail, of the bargains made from time to time between the church authorities and the court of Louis XIV., — so much money from the sacred treasury against so much blood scourged from the lacerated and prostrate form of conquered Protestantism. Hardly

* *L'Eglise et les Philosophes au Dix-Huitième Siècle.* P. LANFREY. 2d ed. Paris: Pagnerre.

less humiliating is the narrative given of the wild and wretched fanaticisms harbored among the faithful, in which the horrors of Calvary were parodied in frightful detail, by actually spiking the hands and feet of poor devotees to a wooden cross. The Jesuit administration of Paraguay, of which so much boast has been made, is shown to have been a wretched government of whips, not much more noble or pious than that of an average plantation; while the systematic discouragement of industry, inseparable from a priestly *régime*, was steadily sapping the strength of the nation, and making it more hopeless to recover from the drain of cruel wars. One feels that the protest came none too soon; and that perhaps no watchword short of hatred to the priests would have been stern enough for the battle. No doubt a history could be written, equally true, of the gentler virtues and Christian graces nurtured during these same years by the pious, modest, unpretending ministrations of faithful priests. But what characterized the era was the battle of ecclesiastical despotism and free thought; and, spite of the unhappy form it took, there was a service rendered by this latter, indispensable then, which we are learning to appreciate in a way we could not until the history of those years had been fully exposed. Such volumes as this of Lanfrey's may not convince us that the *philosophes* were either the wisest or the best of men; but they will make lamentations like those of Burke over the fall of religious tyranny hereafter impossible.

THOSE who claim to be descendants of John Rogers, in Old England or New England, will hardly be grateful for this antiquarian study. It leaves them hardly a loophole by which to enter into the inheritance of an honored name; it shows that, while the ancestors of the Protestant martyr can be traced back to Charlemagne, the links of the chain immediately below him are strangely missing, either because his children and grandchildren did not prize the honor of having had an ancestor executed as a criminal, or because they were too insignificant, perhaps too feeble-minded, to make their claims known. Not all those who believe that their name has been honored by this baptism in fire will acquiesce in this unfavorable and unexpected decision; but Mr. Chester seems to have made thorough search in every direction, appeals earnestly for any further intelligence, and declares himself interested in a different conclusion as a supposed heir of this distinguished name, so that the public will probably ask no further evidence. Of one thing that brave yet loving martyr may well be glad: no descendant can dishonor his memory; no convert to Popery cast the shame upon John Rogers that some who wear the name of Luther have done upon him; neither here nor abroad will the tribes who enjoy this familiar title reflect either honor or dishonor on one separated by such a fixed gulf from any certain posterity.

Mr. Fox stands convicted of repeated injustice, gross carelessness, and general untrustworthiness in his famous Book of Martyrs. Mr. Chester shows with great enthusiasm that the Matthew Bible was prob-

* John Rogers. By JOSEPH L. CHESTER. London: Longman. 1861.

ably Rogers's work; and that his merit in introducing the Scriptures into England surpasses that of any other compiler. He proves, too, that none went before him in efficient service to the English Reformation; and that, as one of the ablest as well as purest of the Protestant leaders, he deserves the eulogy of Bishop Mant, "In thee the Stephen of her martyred band," the protomartyr of a purer faith.

When Coverdale fled, and Cranmer recanted, and many others conformed, Rogers stood firm for the truth's sake, endured bravely the severest confinement, the destitution of his numerous family, and the agony of the fiery stake. "He did not accidentally nor by compulsion meet his destiny; but embraced it voluntarily when he might have escaped it; and not in a spirit of self-righteousness or reckless bravado, but impelled by an honest consciousness that he was obeying the will of his Almighty Father."

The contested point of the eleventh child Mr. Chester explains by supposing it born during Rogers's close imprisonment, so that he was not aware of its existence until he saw the babe at his wife's breast on his way to Smithfield; then, of course, it was too late to alter his appeal to the merciless Gardner for "the ten children which are hers and mine."

THE former President of the New England Genealogical Society, having met with papers in the British Museum which threw new light on the character of Raleigh, has given the substance of his information freely to all who are interested in this interesting period.* His principal point is, that Sir Walter was not engaged in any battle with the Armada, but only joined in the pursuit after the principal fighting was finished. No doubt Mr. Drake is right, as Raleigh's duties in command of the Queen's Guard must have kept him near her person. The general view taken of this remarkable man, at once sailor, soldier, historian, poet, and courtier, is, that much of his fame is due to his tragical death, and that he has been overrated in history.

THERE will always be people anxious to know that Thomas Jefferson preferred bay horses, rose very early, kindled his own fire, was perpetually busy, hated cards, never swore nor smoked, dressed neatly, and kept exact accounts, even if it comes in such a veteran's gossip as that of Captain Bacon,† the gatherer of these "new materials," who evidently saw but the hem of that great man's garment, to whom his very faults were sacred, who still admires his former master with that blind reverence which the frosts of age cannot chill. Rev. Dr. Pierson has added nothing to the old man's story, has not corrected its errors nor pruned its redundancies, has gone out of his way to give some disgusting facts of Randolph's degradation, and has appended various facsimiles for the apparent purpose of raising his thin volume to the dignity of a book. As a portraiture of the private life of a President of

* Brief Memoir of Sir Walter Raleigh. By SAMUEL G. DRAKE. Boston. (Not published.)

† The Private Life of Thomas Jefferson. From entirely new Materials. By REV. H. W. PIERSON, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860.

the United States for twenty years, it is poor enough; an interesting addition to the notes of a regular biography, perhaps, but from too meagre a source to entitle itself to a permanent place in the literature of our country. In fact, this Edmund Bacon's name is hardly mentioned in the lengthy biographies of Mr. Jefferson.

POETRY AND FICTION.

THE striking thing about the new translation of Calderon* is the form of it. Calderon's plays are lyrical, and ought to be rendered lyrically. For what Trench says, in his pleasant book about this poet, is true: "The metrical form of a great poem is not the garment which it wears, . . . but the flesh and blood which the inner soul of it has woven for itself, and which is a part of its own life forever." A Spaniard would hardly get a just notion of Othello, if the play were translated into the graceful song-measures to which he is wont in the works of his great dramatists. And we get as poor an idea of Calderon's dramas if given in English blank verse, though it be good as that which appears in Fitzgerald's translations. Mr. MacCarthy is, without doubt, right in attempting a rendering which shall follow the form as well as the substance of the original. His work is a close copy, in English, of the various metres in which the plays are most gracefully and musically wrought in the Spanish. It follows the pattern even to the *asonante* rhyme, which makes it a marvel of deftness and painstaking. This became, probably, more easy than it seems, as the translator warmed to the work, and habituated himself to this un-English peculiarity. Still, his success seems something wonderful, and not to be attained save by a real genius for translation.

The *asonante*, we learn from Mr. Ticknor's work, is "an imperfect rhyme, confined to the vowels, and beginning with the last accented one in the line." This "shadow of a rhyme" may be carried through a hundred verses of a drama, and prevail through a whole romance or long ballad. It is easy in the well-vowelled Spanish, with its constant value of vowel-sounds, but appears a difficult and ungracious task in English, with its hard and hissing consonants, and capricious variety of vowel-sounds. In this, the *asonante* speaks rather to the eye than the ear; in the other, it is melodious and fascinating. On the page before us, the Spanish rhyme runs: "eco — bello — lisonjero — consuelo"; and in the opposite verses, the English runs: "repeated — extended — presence — refreshment." As respects music and grace, there is obviously much in favor of the Spanish. Yet, with some awkwardnesses and want of melody, and a constant comparison to its disadvantage with the flow and harmony of the original, the book does, in our judgment, much better satisfy the conditions of translation by its close correspondence to the lyrical form, than if it had taken the freedom of some wonted and convenient English rhythm.

* Love the Greatest Enchantment: The Sorceries of Sin: The Devotion of the Cross. From the Spanish of CALDERON. By DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY. London: Longmans. 1861.

If a parallel be sought in our literature to these plays of Calderon, the first is a masque; the second, a miracle-play, or, better, a morality; and the third, a drama. Be it said, in passing, that the peculiar kind of immorality in the last is hardly to be paralleled in any English play. The dramatists of the time of Charles the Second wrote bad plays, but they were meant to serve merriment, loose wit, and loose living. These are meant, in all soberness, to serve religion. The first of the three belongs with splendid scenic and musical court spectacles, like Ben Jonson's, which Inigo Jones presented with such cost and magnificence. The second belongs with those mysteries, quaintly mingled of holy teaching and broad fun, which the Church in old times used to teach the people withal. The third belongs with the tragedies by its fearful scenes and fatal event; but it stands quite alone, if we may trust our memory, in the peculiar mixture of utter inward ungodliness and perfect external piety in the hero of it.

We have had most enjoyment from "Love the Greatest Enchantment." The plot is the old story of Ulysses and Circe, but translated from the form and spirit of the classic legend into modern romance. It is amplified into a love-story, adorned with charming fancies, and set forth in graceful lyrics. The philters of the enchantress are useless in dealing with the crafty Greek, and she falls back on the supreme magic of her beauty. Love, with charms better than her own, enchants both her and him, and the play proceeds with music and banquets and dances, with dalliance in groves and gardens, with the loveliness of ladies and the courtesy of gentlemen, with witty or tender talk, passionate soliloquies and sweet songs, till a trumpet sounds out upon all this softness and delaying, and Ulysses wakes from his luxury to duty once more, and is brought safe out of the enchanted island. With a certain courtly grace about it, it all has the air of a dainty and delightful entertainment, fit for the king and his brilliant company for whom it was written, and for the palace of Buen Retiro, where it was first played with all the magnificence and cunning of scenery that could be devised.

"The Sorceries of Sin" is the religious pendant to the first. It is one of the famous *autos* which Calderon wrote for the high festivals of the Church, particularly for the feast of Corpus Christi. The name, first given to any dramatic piece, at last passed to denote a religious composition, such as we call miracle-play, or mystery, or morality, where the personages are taken, indifferently, from sacred and profane history, from mythology, and from allegory. This is based again on the story of Ulysses and Circe; only now it is Man who, with the Understanding and the five Senses, is cast on the enchanted island of Sin. Flowers of divine help, brought by the heavenly Iris, Penance, guard him for a while from the transforming magic of the sorceress; but presently, Understanding having left him, he follows the lead of the Senses, loves the beautiful Sin, and feasts with her. It marks the purpose of this play that, after a while, it sets forth the miracle of Transubstantiation. The witch calls for a banquet to rise out of the ground, but Divine interference serves the table with bread only. The Senses try

it, and each in turn decides it to be simple bread, save Hearing, who declares it flesh, piously affirming his reason to be, —

“that Faith asserteth
Aught is proof enough thereof.”

At this point, by the return of his mentor, Understanding, and through the help of Penance, Man begins to clear himself from the seductions of Sin. The trumpet sounds, followed by a contest, reminding one of the modern overture to *Tannhäuser*, between a sweet and pleading music which sings of life and its pleasures, and an austere music which sings of death and its peril, till finally man embarks, with the Senses, aboard the ship of the Church and steers for the harbor of the Host. Sin and her magic island are edifyingly swallowed up, and the *auto* ends with

“Let this mightiest miracle
Over all the world be fêted,
Specially within Madrid,
City where Spain's proud heart swelleth,
Which, in honoring God's Body,
Takes the foremost place forever.”

It is not, however, so much the ingenuity of this treatment which interests one in the play, as the varied action with which it moves, and the quick, brilliant fancies which are set to its musical verse. It seems a pity that the most pious portions should not be fine like the rest, but so it is. Nothing can be duller than the metaphysical theologizing of Understanding and Penance. When Calderon writes from his poetic genius and wonderful lyrical faculty, nothing can be purer. But the good Homer never nodded so sleepily as he when he writes by the inspiration or reminiscence of his student life in Salamanca. It needs the supreme genius of Dante to make the scholastic theology in place in a great poem, mingling schooled logic, imaginative insight, spiritual passion, all in one, as it does in that apocalyptic Paradise of his.

“The Devotion of the Cross” is the one drama of Calderon which has marked off critics and readers on two directly opposite sides, one finding it nothing more than detestable, the other regarding it as nothing less than admirable. Here is briefly the plot of it. Eusebio, born in the shadow of the Cross, and marked from his birth with the holy sign on his breast, becomes a devotee of the Cross, feeling himself under its mystical protection, and set to serve it from the first. He never passes it without salute and adoration, is saved by it from drowning and other perils, as by an amulet, refrains from evil in its presence, declines to kill a man or to dishonor a woman who wears it. Nevertheless is he a bandit, robber, and cut-throat, and fulfils, by all deeds of outlawry and violence, the prediction which he gave in babyhood by wounding and savagely tearing his nurse's breast. He begins with killing his brother, not known to be such, in a duel, and caps his crimes with sacrilege, by intruding at night upon the sanctity of a convent, and attempting the seduction of one of the sisterhood. — He leaves her and his purpose when he finds on her bosom the like mystic mark which nature had set

on his breast, and the nun turns out, of course, his own sister. Here is a fine list of horrors, which closes with his violent death on the very spot among the hills and at the foot of the cross where charitable hands lifted him up, a foundling. But this is not quite the end of the tragedy, or the doctrine, or the pious edification. For, dying without confession, his soul lingers about the body till the confessor comes, and then re-animates and lifts it up after a ghastly fashion, when, confession being made, and absolution given, the saved spirit ascends, and the sinful corpse sinks back as it was before.

But the dreadful story is told with rare dramatic power and artistic effect, and is in that high tragic vein which genius only commands. It is easy to call it revolting, and dismiss it so. It can be nothing else to one who holds that the divorce between morality and religion is a sundering by man of things which God joined together. But that curt criticism does not tell all. Otherwise, many acute wits and feeling hearts must stand convicted of strange perversity in their verdict upon this play. Both literary and moral criticism must enter, as far as may be, within the time of the work and the mind and culture of the author. This play is the consummate flower of the soil out of which it grew. It is to be judged according to the high Romanist time, country, court, and system in which Calderon was born and nurtured, and for which he wrote. For ourselves, we hold with those who call it "the sublime of Antinomianism." But the long word covers much subtle casuistry and much good argument of *pro* and *con* as to this drama, for which there is no space here.

If it were lawful, the leisure and the wealth might well be envied which have produced so remarkable a translation and so handsome a book. Considering the difficulty of the task, it would seem the work of a born translator. The success of the writer is matched by his publishers with tasteful externals of laid paper, antique print, old-time headings of graceful scrolls and arabesque, and binding of purple and gold. It is a matter of regret that the good sense is so rare which has here given the original and the rendering in parallel columns. The despotic authority in book-making is much needed, which might enforce this upon translators as an invariable rule. The volume is inscribed to our historian of Spanish Literature, "in grateful remembrance of information liberally communicated, and praise generously bestowed." It is a transfer from Spanish to English literature most honorable to the gentleman whose learning and admirable skill have effected it.

A BOOK of marked and original power, like Margret Howth,* is a welcome exception to the common run of sensational or sentimental novels. Here is an author who has something to say that demands utterance, and says it in words not skimmed from magazines and dictionaries, but stamped with the writer's own personality. The book is intensely subjective, infused with tenderness and sadness, rich in vigor-

* Margret Howth. A Story of To-day. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

ous descriptions of nature, and subtle analysis of character and passion. "A Story of To-day," it strives "to dig into this commonplace, this vulgar American life, and see what is in it." The issues of to-day, that engross so much of our thought and life, phases merely of the great conflicts of all time, are discussed with earnestness and vehemence, but blindly, and there is "no key to solve them with," — they lack "determined truth, a certain yea and nay." These men and women, — Holmes, Knowles, Howth, Margret, Lois, — how *real* they all are, how characteristically American, such as we meet every day, such as make up this America of ours and mould its destiny.

This new author deserves a frank and cordial greeting, as one from whose pen much may be expected that shall delight and benefit. We find the faults of unpractised writers, here and there a certain crudity, vagueness, and want of finish in style, which time will correct. But the most serious defect is a morbid, introspective cast of mind, which is not satisfied with painting powerfully and truthfully, but must needs spin out page after page of dreary talk. This fault of discoursing about the characters, the events, and life, is a very serious one in a writer of fiction. It generally betrays a lack of dramatic power, which must call in didactics to its aid; but in Margret Howth there is no such lack, and we must look to the author's mood of mind for an explanation. The whole is written, so to speak, in the minor key; you see nothing of the cheerful, healthy, hopeful life of the age, but only its sombre, perplexed, struggling side. Even the ending, after the happy issue of the story, is dismal and hopeless, as if the happy issue was brought about under protest, merely to fulfil the duty of a novelist, and Fate was not after all wholly propitiated yet. The characters reflect this; admirably conceived and drawn, they are drawn in shadow; there is not one thoroughly hearty and healthy one among them, but all seem weighed down by a vague feeling of helpless hopelessness. This fault is positive, not negative, and can therefore be the more easily outgrown or guarded against; and we trust that we shall in future publications recognize the same vigorous and delicate pen, but wielded with a freer hand and a happier spirit.

THE difference between regularly trained army officers and civilians who have donned the lion's skin has been so forcibly illustrated in these war times that any account of the study and discipline which make up a military education at West Point will find readers. "Cadet Life" * discloses the working of the mill in which raw striplings are ground and polished into soldiers. A graduate stationed in the depths of the Western wilderness has occupied his spare hours in recording his experiences at the national academy. He tells of the wire-pulling which he used to gain admission, of the duties of camp and barrack, of the inexorable demerit system, the loves and pranks of young Mars, and the stolen hours of mirth and song at Benny Haven's. The volume is an

* *Cadet Life at West Point.* By an Officer of the United States Army. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

imitation of Tom Brown, but in literary merit is by no means equal to the stories of Hughes. That a few of the West Point men have the English language at their command, the books and orders of some of our generals show; but that a military education is not calculated to make authors except on scientific subjects is pretty evident. Instead of using the plain and easy language which is at the service of most men when they are in earnest, the writer of "*Cadet Life*" adopts a more pretending style, which invites criticism. He has paid more attention to the manner than the matter of his work. The introduction is out of proportion to the length of the book, and the conclusion is very abrupt. Marching orders might be an excuse for leaving out altogether the last two years of the course, but they would not justify even a soldier in publishing a fragment. Whatever interest, in short, is excited by these pages, will be due to the subject, and not to the method of treatment. If civilians cannot wield the sword successfully, can every soldier wield the pen?

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE Rev. W. G. Beamont is kind enough, in his Preface to his narrative of an excursion to Mount Sinai,* to offset the possible dullness of his narrative by its brevity; if the reader "find the story dull, it is short, so that he will soon reach the end of it." His apprehension is certainly well founded. The book is dull, slight, worthless as a work of science or discovery. It gives no evidence of accuracy or extent of scholarship, shows no power of original observation, and borrows from familiar authorities all that is valuable in its statements. Mr. Beamont fails equally, whether he attempt to describe scenery or to describe ruins, to criticise or to moralize. His criticism is superficial, and his moralizing is platitude where it is not absurdity. He remarks of Suez, that "despite the unprepossessing character of the town, one who took a rose-colored glass might tint its miserable houses and bazaars with brighter colors"! At Ummarah, an Arab woman, deserted by her husband, and earning support for herself, her child, and her two donkeys by filling and selling skins of water from the fountain of Marah, suggests the reflection, "Such the shifts to which want may drive mankind, and such the result of conjugal neglect"! The condition of the Bedawin moves Mr. Beamont's missionary zeal; he thinks — good man — that these sons of the desert "would supply a most favorable field for Christian effort." And he is impelled to the indignant outburst, "Scandalous is it that our influence should be applied merely to the maintenance of a secular empire, and prevail not to the extension of the empire of peace and righteousness in the earth." *Beans*, in Mr. Beamont's fastidious diction, become a "leguminous provocative of hunger." His Hebrew knowledge may be judged from the fact that

* Cairo to Sinai, and Sinai to Cairo; being an Account of a Journey in the Desert of Arabia, November and December, 1860. By the REV. W. J. BEAMONT, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College and Incumbent of St. Michael's, Cambridge. Cambridge (England): Dighton, Bell, & Co. 1861. 16mo. pp. xii, 121.

he is "willing to believe that there might be a connection between 'Orphan' and 'Rephidim,'" and that he identifies "Shubeikeh" and "Dophkah" by the familiar philological process which finds a "pigeon" in an "eel-pie." He professes to give from personal conversation with the Arabs an account of their view concerning the future life; but it may be doubted if his comprehension of the Arabic is equal to a conversation on any abstract theme. The only fact which his personal experience of Bedawin life seems to have established is "their insatiable avarice." Others have noticed the same trait. A good map, two diagrams, and sixteen pages of "Sinaitic inscriptions," illustrate Mr. Beamont's book. Beyond these it has no merit whatever — neither correct style nor pleasant description, neither adventure nor research — to recommend it. Importing the volume on the authority of garbled testimonials from the English press, we have been egregiously cheated.

M. JULES REMY, an enthusiast in botany and a charming writer, and the daring visitor of the shrine of Mohammedanism at Mecca, Mr. R. F. Burton, have given the world, at nearly the same time, the most impartial, complete, and trustworthy descriptions of Mormonism, its literature and its theology, its local administration and its foreign missions, its early struggles and its present successes.* M. Remy is the better writer and the more interesting companion; but Mr. Burton shows a courage that inspires respect, and a good-nature that wins entire sympathy, except for his alcoholic recreations. Remy gives the Flora of that vast wilderness with the same thoroughness that marks the geological descriptions of his English successor. Each of them introduces us to an extensive circle of books for and against the new sect. Remy writes with almost philosophical indifference upon matters of theology; his opening chapter on American Pantheism, Rationalism, and Mysticism is exceedingly curious: Burton offsets Mormon errors with Christian superstitions, and rather inclines the balance in favor of the Latter-Day Saints: both of them discuss polygamy with entire freedom, the Frenchman condemning it as pernicious, the Englishman rather approving it from Oriental predilections, as a purifier of society and a multiplier of population. Remy believes Joe Smith to have been an utter impostor, but does not question his private virtues. Burton judges him more favorably, but lends little assistance to solve the problem of his character. He thinks that practically no government is "superior to that of the Salt Lake City"; asserts that there are fewer high crimes in Utah than in any other population of the same amount; declares that the Mormon traders are distinguished for integrity, their wives generally contented, their homes neater than usual at the Far West, and their present leader a man of remarkable gifts. He is very severe upon the numerous volumes, written professedly by females, in illustration of the secret murders and habitual profligacy of the Mormon magistrates: he believes them common catchpennies, evidences

* Voyage au Pays de Mormon. Par JULES REMY. Paris. 1860.

The City of the Saints. By RICHARD F. BURTON. London: Longman. 1861.

of American credulity, and disgraceful to the press of an enlightened community. Believing that our government could not survive its present peril, Mr. Burton denies that it will ever rule over Utah, except in name; but his opinion seems to be that the growth of neighboring States will eventually compel the Mormons either to abandon the country, or to modify their more offensive institutions. Less than a tenth of the Utah saints are American. British immigrants form half the population.

Mr. Burton seems to have been too much disgusted with the ragged, stealing, lazy Indians whom he encountered to regret their dying out, or believe in their claims to traditionary romance: he regards the Moravians as the only missionaries who have conferred upon them substantial spiritual good.

YEAR after year, a scientific geographer has been busying himself in preparing an elaborate and comprehensive encyclopædia of the Amoor region, which should eclipse every other work upon the history, geography, or present *status* of that immense wilderness, through which Russia spreads entirely across the continent of Asia. Besides the numerous German and Russian authors whom Dr. Ravenstein has made subsidiary to the historical part of his treatise, he has availed himself of the reports of various expeditions sent out by the Russian government down to 1859, and has had direct communication with eminent men who are personally familiar with the newly opened territory. He has given the results of profound study and wide investigation as concisely yet intelligibly as possible; but without that stir of personal adventure which makes a genuine book of travels more interesting than many a novel, and with none of that power of word-painting which interests us so much in Atkinson's description of the same country, though he never visited the Amoor.*

The first portion of "The Russians on the Amoor" is historical, including the period from 1100 B. C. down to the present date, in less than two hundred pages: the remainder of the volume is geographical, statistical, and commercial, partly in the words of the Russian explorers, Middendorf, Usoltzoff, Schrenck, &c., with abundant illustrations, excellent maps, and a thorough index. No other work on the subject can at all compare with this in accuracy, comprehensiveness, and fidelity; and no other country has so much interest in the Amoor as ours, excepting Russia, — the number of foreign merchants at the last dates in Nicolaywsk being only seven, and all but one of them Americans. The increasing friendship between our government and the Russian shows too, that, if so naked a country can sustain a profitable commerce, Americans will be most favored in its enjoyment; privileges that are not enumerated in tariffs will be freely granted, and our citizens' rights be as fully protected in the absence as the presence of their appointed guardians. But while Collins's narrative sustains the reader's interest

* The Russians on the Amoor. By E. G. RAVENSTEIN. London: Trübner & Co. 1861.

by personal adventures, and Atkinson delights by vivid sketches of sublime scenery, public attention needs to be directed to the more trustworthy intelligence of this later work, so moderate in its dimensions, so thorough in its details, so scientific in its treatment,—the summing up, in fact, of all that could be obtained by examinations at St. Petersburg, researches among German men of science, and personal acquaintance with Russian travellers. A singular specimen of honesty is given in the traffic of the native tribes along this great river. The Ainos are said to deposit their articles of traffic under covers of birch-bark upon the banks; the Santans approach in turn, make their deposits close at hand, and retire. The Ainos then visit the spot and remove what they consider an equivalent for their furs; but if the Santans think they have not been fully paid, a brother, sister, or child is carried away as security for further payment, without occasioning any breach of mutual good-will.

UNDER the attractive title of "*Life among the Chinese*,"* the superintendent of the Methodist mission at Fuhchau has given little more than a history of a single mission, with reflections upon its encouragements, and a stirring appeal to the churches in America. Rev. R. S. Maclay writes with sustained fervor, from thirteen years' experience, and in that intense hope which spreads a rainbow hue over everything. And, certainly, no one doubts that China is open to the Gospel as never before, that the present government is imbecile, the people abandoned, and the native religion exhausted. But, on the other hand, our Methodist brother has to admit that the language is a serious obstacle to the introduction of a foreign faith; that the native superstitions are deeply seated; that the field is too immense to be occupied by American Protestantism at once; and that the dissipated habits of the populace are directly in the way of their Christianization. Still, the conversions of natives intelligent enough to become preachers, the success of a rebellion professedly Christian, the imperial edicts which now sanction conversion to Christianity, encourage this earnest laborer to believe that the harvest is at hand. He is very indignant at the idea, that new converts are benefited outwardly by their renunciation of heathenism; and yet he closes his seventeenth chapter with the account of the reception of a basket-master into the missionary boarding-school because he was persecuted by his heathen friends. The reason given by the father of a family for maintaining his paganism after the conversion of the rest of his family is almost comic in its simplicity: "He was afraid, if they all became Christian, nobody would be left at home to do the cursing and fighting with their heathen neighbors."

MISCELLANEOUS.

HARRIS'S "*Treatise on some of the Insects injurious to Vegetation*" is a familiar title to every one who is at all acquainted with the natural

* *Life among the Chinese*. By REV. R. S. MACLAY. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1861.

history of Massachusetts; and the announcement of a new edition will be welcome news to every intelligent farmer and horticulturist. The work had its origin in a recommendation of Governor Everett to the Legislature of this Commonwealth, in 1837, in accordance with which an appropriation was made for a Zoölogical and Botanical Survey of the State; and the first edition was published more than twenty years ago, in the form of an official "Report." In the following year an edition was printed for general circulation, under the title of "A Treatise," etc., with some additional matter. It was received with great favor, and at once became widely known as a most interesting and important contribution to scientific literature, fully justifying the selection of Dr. Harris to treat of this branch of the general subject. Ten years afterward the public demand was sufficient to warrant the publication of another enlarged edition; and now we have before us a third edition, printed at the University Press, Cambridge, in a style of typographical beauty which, so far as we know, has never been equalled in any similar work printed in this country, and is not surpassed in any specimen of foreign printing which has fallen under our notice.* From the well-earned reputation which the conductors of the University Press have enjoyed for many years for the highest skill and the most perfect taste in respect to everything connected with their art, it was to be expected that any volume bearing their imprint would be printed with elegance and unimpeachable accuracy; but in the volume now before us they have shown the ability to execute the most difficult kind of press-work with the same ease as ordinary book-printing. While the text of Dr. Harris's Treatise has been printed with scrupulous accuracy, and in a very clear and handsome type, which is not, perhaps, deserving of especial notice, no one can fail to be struck with the exquisite skill with which the numerous illustrations have been transferred to the printed pages. Any just commendation of this part of the work would seem extravagant to one who has not seen the volume; and it would seem to be impossible to produce a more elegant specimen of typography; one even sees the down on a butterfly's wing, and the most delicate tracery on the back of some less pleasing insect, as clearly as they may be seen in the living object. Such printing as this is enough to make the reputation of any man.

It is too late now to say anything in praise of a work whose merits have been universally recognized during so long a period, and which, it is probable, will never be superseded. It is enough for our present purpose to add, that, both as a scientific discussion of the subject and as a popular treatise for general use, Dr. Harris's book is all that could be desired. In the edition now published, no additions have been made to the original text, except in the chapter on Butterflies, with which con-

* A Treatise on some of the Insects injurious to Vegetation. By THADDEUS WILLIAM HARRIS, M. D. A New Edition, enlarged and improved, with Additions from the Author's Manuscripts and Original Notes. Illustrated by Engravings drawn from Nature, under the Supervision of PROFESSOR AGASSIZ. Edited by CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1862. 8vo. pp. xi. and 640.

siderable new matter has been incorporated from the author's unpublished manuscripts; but the editor has added many valuable notes, furnished by gentlemen who have made the topics discussed subjects of special investigation, and he has also appended a short paper on the Army Worm. Nearly three hundred illustrations on wood, executed in the highest style of the art, from drawings by Antoine Sonrel and J. Burckhardt, and eight beautifully colored plates, have also been inserted for the first time. For the manner in which Mr. Flint has discharged the editorial duties assigned to him by the resolve of the State Legislature he is entitled to the warmest thanks of every one who is interested in scientific investigations. The whole work, indeed, has been executed in a manner creditable to every one concerned in its preparation, and worthy of its high character as a scientific treatise.

By the publication of a new edition of General Halleck's *Lectures on Military Art and Science*,* the Appletons have met a want which has no doubt been felt by many since the beginning of the present war. There could be nothing better in this line for general readers than such a discussion addressed especially to them by a thoroughly accomplished officer. The new edition, prepared in 1859, brings matters down satisfactorily to that date, except in a few unimportant points, as, for instance, that Wellington is mentioned as still commander-in-chief of the British army. The reader cannot help wishing, however, in reading the criticism upon the organization of our own army, to know how the defects pointed out have been met, and precisely what loss they have occasioned in the war that came upon us so suddenly last year. General Halleck is serving his country in the field, but it would seem as if notes might have been prepared by some other competent person which should answer these questions, and also show what new light, if any, has been thrown on military affairs by these events. For instance, General Halleck seems to prove conclusively that ships cannot operate successfully against fortifications, even when they are not casemated. Were, then, the successes at Port Royal and Fort Henry owing to the novelty of the tactics employed (permitted by the use of steam), or to the superior gunnery of American seamen? At Port Royal the attacking force was, to be sure, immensely preponderant; not so, however, at Fort Henry.

MR. FIELDS has rendered a very acceptable service to the lovers of old English literature in editing a new selection from the writings of Sir Thomas Browne.† In a small and beautifully printed volume, fit

* *Elements of Military Art and Science*: or, *Course of Instruction in Strategy, Fortification, Tactics of Battles, &c.*, embracing the Duties of Staff, Infantry, Cavalry, and Engineers. Adapted to the use of Volunteers and Militia. Third Edition. With Critical Notes on the Mexican and Crimean Wars. By H. WAGER HALLECK, A. M., Major-General U. S. A. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† *Religio Medici, A Letter to a Friend, Christian Morals, Urn-Burial, and Other Papers*. By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, Kt., M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

to lie on a centre-table or to stand in an honored place on the scholar's shelf, he has brought together the most popular of Browne's writings, with illustrative notes and a brief memoir, and has carefully collated the text with the best of the previous editions. Indeed, with scarcely an exception he has included everything from Browne's pen which now possesses much attraction for the general reader, and his edition is by far the most complete that has ever appeared in this country. Of the papers in it, the "*Religio Medici*" is the best known and most generally admired; and, in spite of its egotism and its discursiveness, it will probably continue to be read so long as readers remain to appreciate keen thought and eloquent expression, or to meditate on the momentous themes which are considered in it. Another paper, which may still be read with interest, though comparatively little known, is the "Letter to a Friend upon Occasion of the Death of his Intimate Friend." It has all of our author's peculiarities of thought and style, and curiously blends personal consolation with remarks of a more general character. Next in the order of arrangement comes the posthumous essay on "*Christian Morals*," which Johnson admired so much, and which is one of the best, but not one of the most attractive, of Browne's minor productions. Following this is the quaint treatise on "*Urn-Burial*," which has long stood at the head of the department of mortuary literature, and is, indeed, a perfect treasure-house of curious and recondite information. The remainder of the volume is made up of well-chosen selections from the "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*," the "*Garden of Cyrus*," and from Browne's miscellanies and correspondence. These extracts are well suited to give the reader a just idea of the extent and variety of the author's information, and of his command of language, though it is impossible by them to form any adequate conception of the worth of his scientific researches. Browne's mind was of a peculiar cast, and his position in literature is a solitary one; but a writer of such various learning and of such rich and persuasive eloquence will always be read with pleasure and profit, and his rank among his contemporaries is deservedly high.

EACH year's report of Science, besides adding its large accumulation of details to our knowledge of special facts, does a little to widen the horizon of that positive philosophy which embraces what we are able to learn of the laws and structure of the universe. It is very interesting, year by year, to find how the old problem loses nothing of its freshness, and how distinct and valuable are the steps we make towards the still retreating boundaries of our vision. The report of the present year* has struck us as unusually interesting, in both these respects; and, in preference to any general criticism of it, we desire to record a few of the facts and processes that have arrested us as we turned its pages.

The most striking discovery of all, as concerning the constitution of

* Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1862. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

the universe, is that several of the metals known on our planet have been detected in the atmosphere of the sun, and so, to a certain extent, an identity of physical constitution is established between the heavenly worlds and ours. The process by which this very interesting discovery is made — spectral analysis — suggests by its very name the filmy and ghost-like methods which science employs in its more delicate observations. The prismatic spectrum, as every one knows, besides its bands of colored light, is crossed by certain well-marked lines, which have been classified and analyzed by opticians. Now, a long course of experiments has shown that each known metal, in a state of vapor, draws its own unvarying mark upon the ray of light that passes through it, — a mark as well defined as any property of the metal; indeed, at least two new metals, unknown to chemists hitherto, have been discovered by this curious analysis alone, their properties being afterwards studied and registered in the usual way. And the lines on the solar spectrum, carefully observed, are found to correspond exactly with many of these marks, showing that the intense heat of the sun's atmosphere holds things of the earth, earthy, as elements of the "fire-mist" from which, as the nebular hypothesis teaches us, all the worlds were framed. Thus, a new, delicate, and surprising extension has been given to the argument already familiar, built first on the constitution of meteoric stones.

Looking at facts in the light of the same hypothesis, geologists speculate in a somewhat startling way on the changes which the earth is undergoing now, as it cools down from the fiery substance of its first estate. The moon, they tell us, being so much smaller, has gone through its cycle of changes the faster, so that its condition of bleak rock and jagged lava, without sea or river or air or cloud or green field, is a type of what this earth shall be. The proportion of water actually on the earth is so small (less than half a hundredth of one per cent), that no chemical test would be fine enough to detect it if it were mixed equally with the whole; and the process is now going on by which, in course of time, it will be all absorbed. An argument might be added here from the saurians and other water-monsters of those geological periods when animal life swarmed in one enormous tropical swamp; from the original of the prairie lands, which are shown to be the accumulated soil and *débris* gathered upon vast tracts of marsh; as well as from the sterile highlands of Asia, the Sinaitic desert, the desolate land of Bashan (here described), and the parched soil of many other regions once undeniably fertile and well watered, as Palestine and Greece. But our chronology spans too narrow an arc to justify so broad an argument. The antiquity which geologists now consent to allow the human race — which is proved to have subsisted in the "diluvian period" — shows that we must compute the "cooling and drying" of the planet by vaster æons than human annals can furnish; and all our rivers, from the Sacramento and the Mississippi to the Merrimac and Penobscot, protest with one accord, as we write, against any hasty inferences from the facts adduced. Whatever may be true in them seems to hint that the wealth and glory of the tropics

may be one day purged of their fatal miasms and tempered from their burning heat, to be the earthly paradise we imagine for more favored generations of men hereafter.

The story of the year is interesting, and rich with many inventions, of which we shall only specify the two sorts most significant. A very complete chapter is given — and as things are, a very practical and useful one — of improvements in the science and art of destruction. The experiments are going on — with an anxious interest across the water, and in terrible earnest here — which are fast unsettling a good many old securities, and fixing new boundaries of human power. This portion of the “Annual,” with the daily comments of the time, deserves particular mention. When naval combats are reduced to the grapple of such invulnerable sea-monsters as the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, and the walls of a first-class fortress are honeycombed with “James’s projectiles,” hurled from a distance of more than a mile, and guns are projected of a calibre to launch a solid bolt of more than half a ton, it is with infinite relief that we look beyond the immediate terror, and repose on the scientific dictum, that each new weapon of war, of such a sort, is a new security of peace.

It was a very interesting episode in the stormy history of the year, that the exigency of war hastened so grand a work of peace as the telegraph-line connecting the Pacific States with the East, — which was opened on the 25th of last October; interesting, that the savage tribes should have been propitiated to the tasks of civilization, and made the faithful keepers of this precious highway. And now, not only the line runs on, in our imagination, till it spans the North Pacific, and by way of Siberia and Russia links America to Europe, — for which, apparently, we have not many years to wait, — and the enterprise is revived of completing the circle by a new Atlantic line; but the telegraph, with its infinite flexibility, is to be turned to more familiar uses. Already we have heard of a sharp battle — that at Fort Donelson — watched and controlled by a council of commanders a thousand miles apart. And now we hear of strands so delicate, that a thousand of them can be spun into a cord not more than half an inch in thickness, each of which shall carry its confidential message unbroken, from the merchant’s counting-room to his private chamber, or from the government bureau to the official hundreds of miles away.

We had marked a good many special facts and inventions, — such as the production of artificial gems, the decorations by photograph, the new investigations of the common and useful metals, the very interesting observations and experiments by means of electric light, with the highly important researches respecting food and the physical conditions of health. For these we refer our readers to this volume, — which, in its annual appearing, is so curious and trustworthy a calendar of the progress of the human race in that sort of knowledge which is power.

THE 13th day of June, 1860, was a true Jubilee to the “Borough” towns of Central Massachusetts. Every village and farmhouse poured out its infants and its elders, and from remote parts of the land the

children of the old town of Marlborough came up to the scene of their festivities. With a kind discretion, the chosen orator of the day refrained from inflicting upon his crowded congregation, wearied with much marching, with painful heat, and with intolerable dust, the accumulated detail of history which he had prepared, substituting the short welcome of half an hour for the solid essay of two hundred pages. The labor, however, was not to be lost; and what was designed at first to be only an occasional address, has become a fitting memorial of the festival, and a permanent testimony to the honor and importance of the town.*

Mr. Hudson is not a boastful chronicler, nor does he unduly magnify little acts into critical and momentous exploits. He leaves the facts to tell their own tale and to make their own impression. And the impression which they leave is, that in manly virtues, in courage, perseverance, independence of thought, energy of will, devotion to the country, the fathers of Marlborough are not behind those of any Puritan settlement. There are some doubtful transactions in the record, it must be confessed. The Indian title was certainly extinguished with more vigor than fairness, and it requires some special pleading to defend the method which was used to secure this fertile reservation. The religious disputes, too, seem to have been singularly protracted and bitter, not so much of sect against sect, as of members of the Church with each other. It was hard to persuade a minister to settle in Marlborough, and not easy to keep him there, after he had ventured to cast in his lot with the people. This misfortune was partly owing to local divisions, and partly, no doubt, to a certain sturdy self-will, which has characterized the leading races of the region. It is a rare thing, we think, that a minister of any denomination has died in Marlborough in the charge of his parish. For all that, the people are good "church-goers," and the houses of worship are better filled than in many towns, where they seem to be more peaceful.

Mr. Hudson has produced a work excellent in its kind, with very few errors, and those of small importance. We can only wish that the engravings were more numerous, both of portraits and of buildings, and that more of the antiquities and scenery of the town were pictorially represented. Few towns in New England have more commanding sites and more picturesque beauty than this town of Marlborough, with its rounded and wooded hills, its rich pastures, and its transparent waters.

THE recent volume of selections from De Quincey † is an excellent

* History of the Town of Marlborough, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, from its First Settlement in 1657, to 1861. With a Brief Sketch of the Town of Northborough, a Genealogy of the Families in Marlborough to 1800, and an Account of the Celebration of the Two-Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town. By CHARLES HUDSON, a Native of the Town. Boston. 1862. 8vo. pp. 545.

† Beauties selected from the Writings of THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862. 12mo. pp. 432.

compilation, whether regarded as a collection of choice extracts or as illustrating the general character of his voluminous writings. It is irregularly divided into six parts. The first, which is entitled "De Quincey's Early Life," fills rather more than a third of the volume, and gathers up into a tolerably connected sketch many of the autobiographical notes which are scattered through his different works. The next division includes four of those remarkable "Dreams" which form so curious a part of his "Confessions." Under the head of "Narratives," we have the well-known and striking story of "The Spanish Nun" and "The Easedale Romance." The fourth division includes three essays, of which the best is the paper on "Joan of Arc." Following these papers are several notices from his biographical and critical essays, comprising brief notes on Shakespeare, Milton, and several of De Quincey's contemporaries. The last part consists of "Detached Gems," and comprises only short extracts, such as would ordinarily be looked for under such a heading. We ought to add, that the selections appear to have been uniformly made with judgment and good taste; and though it is impossible in such a volume not to miss many passages or entire papers which one would have been glad to see, we doubt if a better or more characteristic compilation could have been made.

A GREAT service is done to classical teachers by Mr. Taylor's little book.* The selections are from the authors commonly studied,—the first chapter of Cæsar's Commentaries, and Xenophon's Anabasis, the first thirty-three lines of the Æneid, etc.,—and the questions are of the most searching character. A young teacher may use the book and carry out its system as far as he pleases, and in his own way; but he cannot fail to get valuable hints and valuable information from the experience of one of the oldest and most successful classical teachers in New England.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Baptism the Covenant and the Family. By Rev. Philippe Wolff (late of Geneva). Translated by the Author, with some Additions. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 12mo. pp. 345.

Faith: treated in a Series of Discourses. By J. W. Alexander. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 444.

The Church in the Army; or, the Four Centurions. By Rev. Wm. A. Scott. New York: Carleton. 12mo. pp. 443.

Discourses and Essays. By William G. T. Shedd. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 12mo. pp. 324.

* Method of Classical Study: Illustrated by Questions on a few Selections from Latin and Greek Authors. By SAMUEL H. TAYLOR, LL.D., Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 1861. 12mo. pp. 154.

Introduction to the Study of the Gospels, with Historical and Explanatory Notes. By Brooke Foss Westcott. With an Introduction by Horatio B. Hackett. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 476.

The Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry. By Isaac Taylor. New York: William Gowans. 12mo. pp. 303.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Policy of Count Cavour. By Vincenzo Botta. New York: G. P. Putnam. 8vo. pp. 108.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his Nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam. 12mo. pp. 463.

POETRY.

Last Poems by E. B. Browning. With a Memorial by Theodore Tilton. New York: James Miller. 32mo. (Blue and gold.)

NOVELS AND TALES.

Cadet Life at West Point. By an Officer of the United States Army. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 12mo. pp. 367.

The Old Lieutenant and his Son. By Norman Macleod. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. (Paper.)

Can Wrong be Right? By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. (Paper.)

The Queen of the Danube, a Story of Montenegro. By X. B. Saintine. (Translated.) New York: James Miller.

The Bay Path; a Tale of New England Colonial Life. By J. G. Holland. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 418.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New American Cyclopædia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. XIV. Reed — Spire. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 850.

Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances, for the Year ending June 30, 1861. Washington: Government Printing Office. 8vo. pp. 302.

A Report to the Secretary of War of the Operations of the Sanitary Commission. Washington: McGill and Withern. pp. 107.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1862. Edited by David A. Wells. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 415.

Beauties selected from the Writings of Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 432.

Ninth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture for 1861. Boston: William White. 8vo. pp. 303.

Companion to the Rebellion Record; being a Supplementary Volume. Edited by Frank Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam. 8vo. pp. 108. (Paper.)

PAMPHLETS.

Christian Worship; a Sermon preached in Waterville, Maine, by D. N. Sheldon. Bangor: Wheeler and Lynde. pp. 11.

Fourteenth Annual Report of the School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth. Boston: William White. pp. 10.

Sermon on the Death of Cornelius Conway Felton, President of Harvard University. By A. P. Peabody. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. pp. 30.

Third Report concerning the Aid and Comfort given by the Sanitary Commission to Sick Soldiers passing through Washington. By F. N. Knapp. pp. 29.

Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Institution of the Deaf and Dumb. Philadelphia: Crissy and Markley. pp. 37.

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